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MAN AND BEAST

REV J. G. WOOD

MAN AND BEAST

VOL. II.

MAN AND BEAST

HERE AND HEREAFTER

ILLUSTRATED BY MORE THAN THREE HUNDRED ORIGINAL ANECDOTES

BY THE REV. J. G. WOOD, M.A., F.L.S.
AUTHOR OF "HOMES WITHOUT HANDS," ETC.

"I canna but believe that dowgs hae sowls."
JAMES HOGG, *the Ettrick Shepherd*

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CHAPTER IX.

CHEATERY.

Animal Swindlers.—"Barbekark" as a Cheat.—Roguery detected.—Dogs shamming Lameness.—Dogs cheating each other.—The Elephant, "Burra Sahib," hiding a Cake.—Comparison with Humanity.—Golden-crested Wren as a Cheat and Thief.—Two Ravens uniting to cheat a Dog out of his Dinner.—Alliance between a Dog and a Raven.—Principle of the Ambuscade.

ALL virtues have their opposite vices, and, just as there are animals capable of exercising great self-denial in order to give to others that which belongs to themselves, and even displaying an amount of generosity unsurpassable by any human being, so there are animals which can cheat like accomplished swindlers. Sometimes, as

Animal swindlers.

in the following instance, the same animal is capable of both acts.

"Barbekark" again.

Here is an anecdote of "Barbekark," the dog which killed the deer and then gave it up to his master. The narrator is Captain Hall.

"I have before mentioned some particulars of these dogs, and I now relate an anecdote concerning them during our passage across from Greenland.

The dogs are fed

"One day, in feeding the dogs, I called the whole of them around me, and gave to

—in turn,

each in turn a *capelin*, or small dried fish. To do this fairly, I used to make all the dogs encircle me, until every one had received ten of the capelins apiece.

—of which Barbekark takes advantage,

"Now, Barbekark, a very young and shrewd dog, took it into his head that he would play a white man's trick. So every time that he received his fish he would back square out, move a distance of two or three

—and gets double his share,

dogs, and force himself in line again, thus receiving double the share of every other

dog. But this joke of Barbekark's bespoke too much of the game that many men play upon their fellow-beings, and, as I noticed it, I determined to check his doggish propensities. Still the cunning and the singular way in which he evidently watched me induced a moment's pause in my intentions.

"Each dog thankfully took his capelin as his turn came round; but Barbekark, finding his share come twice as often as his companions, appeared to shake his tail twice as thankfully as the others. A twinkle in his eyes, as they caught mine, seemed to say, 'Keep dark; these ignorant fellows don't know the game I am playing: I am confoundedly hungry.' —making an accomplice of his master.

"Seeing my face smiling at his trick, he now commenced making another change, thus getting *three* portions to each of the others' one. This was enough, and it was now time for me to reverse the order of Barbekark's game by playing a trick upon him. Accordingly every time I came to He then tries for a treble share,

him he got no fish; and although he changed his position three times, yet he got nothing. Then, if ever there was a picture of disappointed plans, of envy at others' fortune, and sorrow at a sad misfortune, it was to be found on that dog's countenance as he watched his companions receiving their allowance. Finding he could not succeed by any change of his position, he withdrew from the circle to where I was, and came to me, crowding his way between my legs, and looked up in my face as if to say, 'I have been a very bad dog; forgive me, and Barbekark will cheat his brother dogs no more. Please, sir, give me my share of capelins.' I went the rounds three times more, and let him have the fish, as he had shown himself so sagacious, and so much like a repentant prodigal dog."

—but fails.

Finding himself outwitted,

—he expresses penitence,

—and is pardoned.

More dog swindlers.

As cheatery requires the use of the intellect, it is evident that the most intellectual animals will be the most accomplished cheats. Dogs, therefore, may be expected

to be considerable adepts in cheating, and are often very amusing in their attempts to deceive human beings. Here are one or two more examples of cheating in the dog.

One of my friends had a couple of little toy-terrier dogs. As is usually the case in such instances, though very fond of each other, they were horribly jealous with regard to their master, and neither could endure to see the other caressed. It so happened that one of them broke its leg, and was in consequence much petted. Its companion, seeing the attention that was paid to the injured animal, pretended to be lame itself, and came limping to its master, holding up the corresponding leg, and trying to look as if it were in great pain.

A terrier seeing its injured companion petted,

—pretends to have met with a similar accident.

The following anecdote is sent me by a friend.

"A Skye terrier of our acquaintance, named 'Monte,' had at one time a very sore leg, and during his illness he got a great deal of sympathy and petting. Ever since, when he has been in any mischief, he comes

Sympathy on false pretences.

running on three legs, holding up the one which was once sore, but is now quite well. In his own way, he is quite as arrant an impostor as the well-known begging 'sailor' with one leg tied up to look as if he had lost it."

A human parallel.

A curious and rather ludicrous instance of cheatery, on the part of the dog, was observed by one of my friends.

He has three little black-and-tan terriers, father, mother, and daughter, which are great pets, and consider the house as their own property. Like most pet dogs, they have their favourite spots by way of couches; and as they all three generally take a fancy to the same spot, there is occasionally a difference of opinion and a slight loss of temper. The one pet spot of all is a soft cushion at the head of a sofa. Now the cushion had accommodated easily the father and the mother; but when the daughter came, and in course of time wanted her share of the couch, it was found

Three terriers take a fancy to the same couch,

—and struggle for it.

that the quarters were rather too limited for comfort, especially as the daughter persisted in growing until she reached the size of her parents.

The father and daughter exclude the mother,

One day the father and daughter had got into the room first, and according to custom made straightway for the cushion, on which they established themselves comfortably, occupying the whole of its surface. Presently the mother came in, and also went to the cushion. She tried to take her place on it, but her husband was too selfish and her daughter too undutiful to move, and in consequence she had to retire.

—who pretends to find a rat in a corner,

Presently she went to the farthest corner of the room, and suddenly began to scratch violently, barking, growling, and sniffing as if she were digging out a rat. Up jumped the others, all blazing with excitement, and anxious to have their share of the sport.

—entices them away,

As soon as they had got their noses well down in the corner, the mother ran to the sofa at full speed, jumped on the cushion,

—and takes possession herself.

curled herself round, and was happy. How-

ever, she was generous in victory, and made room for her husband and daughter as they came back to the sofa, crestfallen and humiliated.

One of my brothers has furnished me with an account of an audacious piece of cheatery practised by his dog.

"Sambo" and his tricks.

"My dog is a white terrier, called 'Sambo,' on account of his colour, supposed to be a pure specimen of the 'fox' variety, but perversely exhibiting unmistakable evidences of the existence of the more plebeian 'bull' somewhere in the roll of his ancestry. He is good-tempered and affectionate, and devoted to his master — and to sport, especially to the pursuit of rabbits.

He goes out rabbiting in the morning,

"One fine morning last January I took him out for a couple of hours' rabbiting, to his great joy, but, as I could also see by his way of constantly coming back to have a look at my face, to his intense puzzledom. An afternoon alone with me was quite natural, and according to custom; but starting at

eleven A.M. had always meant a day with the keepers—and where were the keepers? We found no rabbits; but then he was not busy as usual, his head was not sufficiently clear from other matters to look them up with his usual care and perseverance. —and misses the keepers,

"He passed many a likely bush without even a glance of his eye, and I began to fear that he was ill; when suddenly, as luck would have it, we heard several shots in rapid succession, and found ourselves in the midst of a regular rabbiting party. The effect upon Sambo was miraculous; his tail and ears went up, and he sprang at once from a state of low despondency into one of violent activity. A few moments before and he seemed to have made up his mind that the British rabbit was an extinct animal, and his master a great fool for carrying a gun in pursuit of it: of course, as he was under orders, he must look for them, or pretend to do so—but it was awful humbug. Now, to see him rushing all over the place, quartering the ground, with his tail going, —thereby becoming sulky. He finds a rabbiting party, —recovers his spirits, —and hunts assiduously

and his nose investigating every little tuft, one would have thought there was a rabbit for every square yard.

"Things went on as usual until the time arrived that I had to take my leave and return home. Now, not only had we just arrived at a favourable spot in the covert,—a fact just as well known to the dogs as to ourselves,—but there were unmistakable signs of approaching luncheon. My first call to my dog was therefore unheeded: he had suddenly conceived a violent affection for another dog, with whom, by the way, he could never on ordinary occasions agree, and in the interchange of friendly confidences was quite abstracted from the outer world.

—until luncheon time,

—when he gets into conversation with another dog,

"A more imperative summons made him start—a very false move, but he at once compensated for it by facing round sharply in the opposite direction to me, and looking anxiously up the drive instead of down, with his head and ears up, as if he rather expected to see me at the end of it about half a mile off. How-

—and becomes oblivious of his master,

ever, it would not do, and he was reduced to following me, though he kept to heel with drooping head and tail and many a wistful look behind. —whom at last he unwillingly follows.

"We had hardly got well out of the sight of the keepers, when he suddenly brightened up, as though he thought life had yet some joys in store for him, trotted on in front, and behaved himself as usual. Suddenly, just a few yards from the exit from the covert he 'made a point' at a solitary tuft of grass and rushes. I was astonished that a rabbit could be harboured there, as we had but just passed over the very spot with a regular array of dogs and beaters; but Sambo said 'rabbit,' as plainly as possible, so in went my cartridges again, and the necessary permission was given. He pretends to find a rabbit,

"To my astonishment no rabbit appeared; but none the less Mr. Sambo went through all the regulation manœuvres formulated and provided in such cases. He dashed into the tuft, came out the other side, as —chases the imaginary animal,

if in full chase, yelped as if he were only just out of biting distance of his prey, and was lost to sight in a moment, and what is more—he returned not. I whistled and called, but no sound could be heard. Suddenly his 'little game' flashed upon me. I went back to the keepers, and there was my friend taking his luncheon affably with one of them—a particular friend. With the utmost respect for his mental resources, I yet thought it necessary to be 'firm' with him, and I do not think he will ever play me that trick again."

—does not return,

—and is found taking his luncheon with the keepers.

An elephant swindler.

One of the most amusing anecdotes of attempted cheatery is narrated of an elephant, by Lady Barker.

The elephant takes a douche bath,

"When we paid them a visit upon the afternoon of the storm, the huge beasts were taking a bath, or rather giving it to themselves by filling their trunks with water, and dashing it over their heads, trumpeting and enjoying themselves immensely. At a little distance the cooks

were busy baking the chupatties — a muffin as large as a soup-plate, and nearly as thick—in mud ovens; and the grass-cutters had been down to a 'jhed,' or pond, near to wash the dust off the large bundles of grass for the elephants' suppers. We talked a little to the mahouts, and one very picturesque old man seemed exceedingly proud of his elephant's superior slyness and cunning, and begged us to stay and see him 'cheat;' so we waited till 'Burra Sahib,' or 'Mr. Large,' had finished his bath, and came slowly up to the mahout for his supper.

—while their supper is being prepared.

"The mahout called out to the cook to bring the chupatties, and made us retire behind a tree and watch what Burra Sahib did. As soon as the cook went away, the elephant put up his trunk and broke off a large bough of the tree above him. This they generally do to serve as a brush to keep off flies, so he knew *that* was nothing remarkable. He then looked slyly around him, with his bright, little, cunning eyes;

"Burra Sahib" comes for his supper,

and as he could not see his mahout he thought the coast was clear, and hastily snatched up a chupattie, which he put under the branch on the top of his head. I noticed how carefully he felt with his flexible trunk if any edge was uncovered, and arranged the leaves so as to hide his spoil completely.

—steals a cake, and hides it on his head.

He then demands his supper,

"Burra Sahib then raised his voice and bellowed for his supper in loud and discordant tones. The mahout then ran up as if he had been a long distance off, stood in front of him, and commenced handing him the chupatties, counting, as he did so, one, two, three, and so on. The elephant received each in his trunk, and put it gently into his huge mouth, bolting it as though it had been a small pill. Twelve chupatties was the allowance, and he required this sort of food to keep him in good condition. When the mahout came to number eleven muffin he looked about for the twelfth in great dismay, pretending that he could not think what had become of it, and calling

—misses a cake,

for the cook to scold him, searching on the ground, and wondering, in good Hindostanee, where that other chupattie could be. The elephant joined in the search, turning over an empty box which was near, and trumpeting loudly.

—and pretends to hunt for it.

"The mahout was delighted to see how much this farce amused me, and at last he turned suddenly to the elephant, who was still hunting eagerly for the missing chupattie, and reviled him as a thief and a 'big owl,' adding all sorts of epithets, and desiring him to kneel down, which Burra Sahib did very reluctantly. The mahout then scrambled up on his head, snatched off the branch, and flung down the chupattie, belabouring the elephant well with the bough which had served to conceal it. It seems that the trick had been played successfully many times before Burra Sahib was found out, and the poor cook used to get into trouble, and be accused of keeping the missing chupattie for his own private consumption."

He is detected,

—and punished.

Comparison with human beings.

A servant belonging to one of my friends acted just like this elephant. She had broken a valuable China vase, and in order to hide the evidences of her delinquency she broke up the fragments very small, and buried them. When the vase was missed, she protested that she knew nothing about it. She knew that such a vase was somewhere in the house, but had not the least idea where it could be; and for three whole days she went over the house with her mistress, hunting in every cupboard and shelf for the article which she had herself buried in the garden.

The servant breaks a vase,

—buries it,

—and pretends to look for it.

Cheating among birds.

Birds can be capable of cheating, not only each other, but other animals. Even the pretty little golden-crested wren has been detected in deliberate theft and deception.

A golden-crested wren

A gentleman was watching a chaffinch building its beautiful nest, and soon found that he was not the only spectator. At a distance was perched a golden-crested wren,

which watched the proceedings carefully. As soon as the chaffinch went off to fetch more materials, the gold-crest cunningly stole round in an opposite direction, and carried off the newly brought hairs, &c., for its own nest. This went on for some time, until, at last, the aggrieved chaffinch found out the robbery, and chased the gold-crest so fiercely that it did not attempt to renew the theft.

—watches a chaffinch building its nest,

—and steals the materials,

This story is told by Mr. W. Thompson, in his "Natural History of Ireland." He also states that this kind of robbery is not at all uncommon with the gold-crest. Its nest is made of the same material as that of the chaffinch, and so it is accustomed to avail itself of the labours of that bird in order to lighten its own toil.

—which are the same that are used in its own nest.

The celebrated Arctic voyager, the late Sir L. McClintock, mentions a curious instance of stealing on the part of the raven. When they were in Mercer Bay, a pair of ravens, probably male and female, used to

Arctic ravens

hang about the ship, and pick up any refuse food that might be lying about. At a certain hour of the day the men were accustomed to wash out their mess-tins, the rejected contents of which were regarded by the ship's dog as his proper perquisites. The ravens, however, held a different opinion, and, by force of superior intellect, almost always contrived to gain their own ends.

—hang about a ship for food,

As soon as the tins were emptied, and the dog ready for his meal, the ravens set to work to cheat him out of his food. They assaulted him from the front, keeping him from his food by perpetual annoyance, and at last induced him to make a charge at them. Of course, after the manner of ravens, they contrived to flap their way just out of his reach. This process was repeated until they had inveigled him to a considerable distance, when they took to wing, and, being able to fly faster than the dog could run, managed to secure a good meal before he could reach them.

—when the tins are emptied.

They inveigle the dog to a distance,

—and then rob him of his meal.

Concerted action

It is evident that they must have concerted this plan of action between them; so that we see in this ruse an example of reason and the communication of ideas by means of language. My readers may perhaps remember the story of the two dogs who used to hunt the hare in concert, the one starting the hare, and driving it towards the spot where the accomplice lay hidden. I knew of an instance where a somewhat similar arrangement was made; only in this case the two contracting parties, instead of being two dogs, were a dog and a raven, the latter making use of its wings in driving the prey out of the heather into the open ground.

—and language,

—in all these cases.

Many instances of such alliances are known, and in all of them there is the curious fact that two animals can arrange a mode of cheating a third. In fact, they employ one of the principal stratagems in the art of war, *i.e.* the ambuscade, or inducing the enemy to believe that danger is imminent in one direction, whereas it really

Two animals unite in cheating a third,

—on the principle of the ambuscade,

—as carried out by man.

lies in the opposite and unsuspected direction. No one would say that a general who contrived to draw the enemy into an ambuscade acted by instinct: the act would be accepted as a proof of reasoning powers surpassing those of his adversary. And, if this be the case with the man, why not with the dog, when the deception is carried out by precisely the same train of reasoning?

CHAPTER X.

HUMOUR.

Practical Joking the lowest kind of Humour.—Torture the Humour of the Savage.—Spinning Cockchafers.—Making a Boy "jump like a Dog."—Humour in Birds.—The "Chukor" Partridge and the "Punkah-wallah."—Humour in the Buzzard.—The Kestrel's idea of Humour.—The humcrous Heron.—"Making-believe" in Children and Animals.—Swallows mobbing a Kestrel.—The same Birds mobbing a Hare.—Swallows mobbing a Cat.—Spar-Ousels mobbing a Cat.—Jackdaws doing the same.—Ring Doves mobbing a Dog.—Monkeys and Crocodiles.—A Cock tantalizing the Hens with Food, and eating it himself.—Sense of Humour in the Parrot.—A Cat deceived by a Parrot.—The Peacock and the Poultry.—Humour in the Emeu.—Ditto in the Mooruk.—A Dog and his practical Jokes.—A Horse playing practical Jokes on a Boy.—Mr. G.'s Pony.—Horses chasing a Pig.—Animals joining in Children's Sports.—A Dog playing at "Touch."—A Pony and a Cat playing "Hide-and-seek" with the Children.—"Peter," the Field-Mouse, playing the same game.—A mischievous Canary.—The Bullfinch and the Workbox.—Practical Jokes played by "Ungka," the Siamese Ape.—Sense of Humour in the Next World.

Humour common to man and beast.

AMONG other traits of character which are common to man and beast, is the sense of humour.

Humour exhibited by annoyance of others,

This is developed in various ways. Mostly, it assumes the form of teasing or annoying others, and deriving amusement from their discomfort. This is the lowest form of humour, and is popularly known among ourselves as practical joking. Sometimes, both with man and beast, it takes the form of bodily torture, the struggles of the victim being highly amusing to the torturer. Civilised man has now learned to consider the infliction of pain upon another as anything but an amusement, and would sooner suffer the agony than inflict it upon a fellow-creature. But to the savage there is no entertainment so fascinating as the infliction of bodily pain upon a human being.

—or even by physical torture.

As among savages

Take for example the North American Indian tribes, among whom the torture is a solemn usage of war, which every warrior expects for himself if captured, and is certain to inflict upon any prisoner whom he may happen to take. The ingenuity with which the savage wrings every nerve of the

human frame, and kills his victim by sheer pain, is absolutely fiendish; and yet the whole tribe assemble round the stake, and gloat upon the agonies which are being endured by a fellow-creature. Similarly, the African savage tortures either man or woman who is accused of witchcraft, employing means which are too horrible to be mentioned.

—in all parts of the world.

Yet, even in these cases, the cruelty seems to be in a great degree owing to obtuseness of perception; and the savage who ties his prisoner to a stake, and perforates all the sensitive parts of his body with burning pine-splinters, acts very much like a child who amuses itself by catching flies, pulling off their wings and legs, and watching their unavailing efforts to escape. I do not know whether it is the case now or not, but some twenty years ago I saw cockchafers publicly sold in Paris for children to torture to death; the amusement being to run a hooked pin through their tail, tie a thread to it, and see the poor insect spin in

Obtuseness of perception its chief cause,

—as children amuse themselves by killing flies,

—or spinning cockchafers.

the air. After it was too enfeebled to spread its wings, it was slowly dismembered, the child being greatly amused at its endeavours to crawl, as leg after leg was pulled off. I rescued many of these wretched insects from the thoughtlessly cruel children, and released them from their sufferings by instantaneous death.

In Italy a similar custom prevails, though in a more cruel form, the creatures which are tortured by way of sport being more capable of suffering pain than are insects. Birds are employed for the amusement of children, just as are the cockchafers in France. A string is tied to the leg, and the unfortunate bird, after its powers of flight are exhausted, is generally plucked alive and dismembered.

It is not done from any idea of cruelty, but from sheer incapacity to understand that a bird or a beast can be a fellow-creature. The Italians are notorious for their cruel treatment of animals, and if remonstrance be made, they are quite

astonished, and reply, "Non è Cristiano" (It is not a Christian).

Not that we, in this country, have very much to boast of on this score. The Puritans did a good work when they abolished bear-baiting, even though, as Macaulay says, they did so, not because it gave pain to the bear, but because it gave pleasure to the spectators. But, up to the present day, there is a latent hankering after similar scenes, even though they are now contrary to law, and dog-fighting, cock-fighting, badger-drawing, and rat-killing, are still practised in secret, though they cannot be carried on in public.

A story of witchcraft.

Mr. W. Reade, in his work on "Savage Africa," mentions a case in which a woman and her son, a young boy, were put to death on a suspicion of witchcraft. The woman was drowned, and the boy burned alive; sundry packets of gunpowder being tied to his legs, which made him "jump like a dog," thus causing great amusement to his

Jumping like a dog.

torturers. Mr. Reade remonstrated with them upon their cruelty, but they could not be made to see that there was any more cruelty in the fate of the son than in that of the mother. The narrator was astounded at the very notion. "Burning more bad! No, Mr. Reade, burning and drowning all the same." The cruelty was not intentional; it was simply want of understanding. To see the boy "jump like a dog" was highly amusing to the spectators, and they never troubled themselves about the fact that the ludicrous contortions were caused by terrible pain. Savages are in many points nothing but children, and they act after childish manners, but with the powers of men for evil.

Burning and drowning the same thing in the savage mind.

Savages are but grown-up children.

For example, the poor little boy of seven years old, who was afterwards so cruelly burned alive, was subjected at the hands of his captors to a species of humour which was vastly entertaining to them. "On the ground crouched the child, the marks of a severe wound visible on his arm, and his

A savage's idea of humour.

wrists bound together by a piece of withy. I shall never forget that child's face. It wore that expression of passive endurance which is one of the traditional characteristics of the savage. While I was there, one of the men held an axe below his eyes; it was the brute's idea of humour."

Comparison between man and the lower animals.

In a similar manner, the sense of humour is mostly developed in the lower animals by causing pain or annoyance to some other creature; and the animal acts in precisely the same manner as a savage or a child.

Humour in birds.

We will just take a few cases of humour as exhibited by birds.

Humour in sparrows,

As might be expected from the character of the birds, sparrows will gratify their feelings of dislike by uniting together for the purpose of mobbing some creature to which they have an objection. There is a short account in Hardwicke's *Science Gossip* of December, 1872, of a number of sparrows mobbing a cat.

—who mob a cat,

The cat evidently intended to make a meal on one of the birds, but was greatly

mistaken; for the sparrows dashed at him so fiercely, that he soon turned tail and ran into the house, one of the sparrows actually pursuing him into the house. Poor Tommy ran up-stairs, and was found crouching in terror under one of the beds. This happened in London; where, by the way, sparrows are much less numerous than they used to be: this, I believe, is chiefly, if not entirely due to the staff of street-cleaning boys, who remove the substances from which the sparrows used to derive the greater part of their subsistence.

—and drive her away.

An account of a somewhat similar adventure is given in the *Dumfries and Galloway Standard.*

A cat mobbed by jackdaws.

In the year 1856 a number of "rooks" were in the habit of assembling on a house, and it was thought that they had nests there. One day a cat came prowling over the roof, to the great discomfiture of the rooks, who assembled on the roof of a neighbouring house and held a consultation. This being over, they proceeded systematically to at-

tack the foe, dashing at her in groups of three or four, flapping their wings in her very face, and screaming dismally.

As for the cat, though a young one, she was not in the least dismayed, her courage rising to the occasion.

"It then," writes a spectator of the scene, "looked the very image of defiance; and a more graceful figure of a cat we never saw, when, in fighting attitude, it strained its head and struck out its dexter paw. The cat frequently changed its position, with the view, we suppose, of doing its best to bring itself into closer quarters with the crows, but in vain. They kept up a shower of abusive language, and occasionally almost grazed the head of grimalkin with their feathers, but they never ventured going within her reach. Puss mewed impatiently at times, as much as to say, 'O that I had wings for a few minutes, and then I would put an end to your noise and bluster.'

—who keep up a concerted skirmish,

—to her great annoyance,

"The skirmish between this valorous cat and the crows lasted fully half an hour, and

—and harass her for half-an-hour.

ended in a sort of drawn battle. The cat would have kept the castle long enough, in despite of them; but it could neither get hold of them nor their nests, so it at length quietly descended."

Ring-Ousels and a dog.

In his "Natural History of Ireland," Mr. Thompson records a case where that rather rare bird, the ring-ousel, mobbed and drove away a dog. Mr. Thompson was shooting in the Crow Glen, accompanied by his pointer, which was some yards in advance. Suddenly, the dog was attacked by two male ring-ousels, which dashed at its head, accompanying each stroke with loud shrieks.

Causa teterrima belli.

They were incited to this action by a female, which, after setting them at the dog, retired to a distance and looked on at the

The dog discomfited

fight. The dog was so alarmed by the attack of the birds, that he was obliged to retreat to his master. The birds were so determined in their onset, that they even attacked Mr. Thompson and two of his friends who were accompanying him.

Had these birds been male and female,

it might have been thought that they were defending their young, or trying to decoy the dog from their nest; but they were both males, and in their adult plumage. The action lasted for more than a quarter of an hour. —by the two birds.

All those who have watched the habits of animals must have remarked how widely spread among them is this species of humour—namely, annoying and insulting a stronger being than themselves, whenever they think that they can do so with impunity. And, so strong is the impulse to gratify their sense of humour, that they do not hesitate to do so at the risk of their lives. M. Mouhot, in his work on "Indo-China and Cambodia," mentions that he has often witnessed very amusing scenes between the monkey and the crocodile. Humour exhibited by insulting a superior. M. Mouhot's story.

The latter animal is lying half asleep on the bank, and is espied by the monkeys. They seem to consult together, approach, draw back, and at last proceed to overt acts The crocodile takes a nap,

of annoyance. If a monkey can find a convenient branch, he goes along it, swings himself down, hangs by a hand or a foot, slaps the crocodile on the nose, and instantly scrambles up the branch, out of the reptile's reach. Sometimes, when no branch is sufficiently near, several monkeys will hang to each other, so as to make a chain, and, swinging backwards and forwards over the crocodile's head, the lowermost monkey will torment the reptile to his heart's content. The cream of the joke is, when the crocodile is at last so irritated, that it opens its enormous jaws, makes a vicious snap at the monkey, and just misses him. Whenever this happy event occurs, there are screams and chatterings of exultation from the monkeys, and a vast number of joyful gambols executed among the branches.

—and is detected by the monkeys,

—who organise a system of annoyance,

—and give it no rest,

—in spite of danger

Of course, according to the old proverb, the pitcher may go too often to the well; and it does occasionally happen that the monkey does not escape in time, and is engulfed in the crocodile's jaws. Where-

—and shocking examples.

upon the cries of exultation are changed into groans and shrieks of terror, and the whole assembly make off as fast as they can. But experience does not teach them discretion; and in two or three days they will be at the same game again.

The chukor partridge exhibits its sense of humour

In Mr. T. C. Jerdon's "Birds of India" there is an amusing notice of the habits of the Chukor partridge (*Caccabis Chukor*), when domesticated. It is very tame and familiar, and sometimes becomes rather a nuisance on account of its habit of playing tricks on people. It has a special facility in discovering the most vulnerable spot, and inflicts sly pecks at the bare feet of the native servants as they move through the house. Its great amusement, however, is to find the man who pulls the punkah half asleep, as is customary with these men as they rock backwards and forwards at their monotonous task. The little bird pecks his legs so fiercely and actively that he is quite unable to drive it away, and go on with his

—by pecking the "punkah-wallah."

work, and he is at last obliged to call for some one to rid him of his tormentor.

A somewhat similar custom is related by Mr. Thompson, in his "Natural History of Ireland," the bird in this case being a tame buzzard. It had a way of flying after strangers, and knocking their hats over their eyes with a blow of its wing; and it was so quick about it that, even when forewarned, its victim had some difficulty in evading the blow. The same bird took an objection to the bow of its master's shoeties, and used to fly at his feet and suddenly untie the strings.

A buzzard has a spite against hats,

—and shoe-strings.

I am personally acquainted with a heron in which this form of humour is largely developed.

The bird was in one sense tame, for it was allowed to run loose in a garden, and was on the most affectionate terms of friendship with one of the men employed in its owner's warehouse. It is really beautiful to see the welcome which the bird gives to

A heron's sense of humour.

Her friendship for one man,

the man, and to hear her low, loving gabble as she rubs her head against him, or takes his hand gently in her beak. He has taught her several tricks, as, for example, to take off his hat at the word of command. She is a beautiful creature; and if the sense of humour were not quite so strong, she would be an admirable bird. Unfortunately, she has an unappeasable relish for practical jokes, especially against human beings, looking quite soft and gentle until they are within reach, and then driving her long, sharp beak at them with the rapidity of a serpent's stroke.

—and he dislike of all others.

On one occasion, her sense of humour was developed to such an extent as to cost the loss of her liberty.

The garden in which she lives is also inhabited by a great number of aquatic birds, principally gulls and ducks, and they have a way of laying their eggs in different parts of the garden. One day, a learned and respected neighbour went into the garden, and, seeing some ducks' eggs on

She plays a practical joke,

the ground, stooped down to examine them. As he was thus engaged, the heron stole up softly behind him, and delivered so tremendous a blow that she fairly knocked him on his face.

—and enjoys the terror of her victim.

The unfortunate gentleman, knowing that the heron has an unpleasant way of pecking at eyes, crouched as closely to the ground as he could, sheltering his eyes with his arms, and calling for help as loudly as he could in such a position. The heron, enjoying the joke immensely, mounted on his back, and triumphantly maintained her post there until assistance arrived, and she was driven off.

Though caged, she still continues her practical jokes.

Since that exploit, she has not been allowed to run loose, but has been confined in a roomy cage, in which she can run about. Even under these circumstances, she delights in enticing people to come near the cage, and then darting her beak at them between the bars—a joke which she has several times played at my expense. The distance to which she can project her beak

is quite marvellous, and it is no difficult matter for the bird to decoy too confiding persons within her reach.

Humour in the sparrow-hawk.

Humour, indeed, seems to be a special characteristic of the hawk tribe. I knew a tame sparrow-hawk which was always trying to circumvent a magpie belonging to the same house, and the extraordinary ingenuity which these birds showed in playing practical jokes on each other could not have been surpassed by human beings. In Hardwicke's *Science Gossip* of March, 1871, there is an account of a tame kestrel which showed a similar sense of humour:—

Humour in the kestrel.

"Insects of all sizes and kinds were summarily devoured, and I have more than once captured wingless females and imperfectly formed moths unable to fly, by finding her dancing round them in their endeavours to escape, and with a gentle nibble giving them a hint to run faster. When the poor insects were too maimed or exhausted to crawl further, the sport being ended, they

Teasing insects.

were eaten without further delay. Indeed, she appears quite indignant with spiders, because, instead of hurrying off, they lie down and curl themselves up."

Comparison between birds and human beings.

Here we have an instance of a bird dealing with an insect just as the French children dealt with the cockchafers, neither bird nor child having the least idea that the struggles which amused them so much were the result of pain.

The kestrel "makes believe,"

The same bird, if she could find neither mouse nor insect, would pounce on a piece of brick or stone, and carry it off in her claws, making believe that it was prey of some sort. She carried on this pretence to such an extent that she would resent any interference, and would fight for her piece of brick as fiercely as if it had been a mouse, the delicacy of which she was most fond. No child could have "pretended" with more abandonment than she did, and the bird which "made believe" that the piece of brick was a mouse, and the child who "makes believe" that a piece of

—just as a child would have done.

stick is a baby, are for the time, and on that point, precisely on a level.

The following account of bird-humour, as displayed in practical joking, is taken from Hardwicke's *Science Gossip* of March, 1872:—

Humour among swallows.

"I have imbibed many of the tastes of Gilbert White; but that which engrosses me most, and which I may call my hobby, is the natural history of the swallow tribe.

The swallows and the kestrel.

"I have read that swallows will 'mob' and put to flight a kestrel-hawk. This I was rather sceptical of until lately, when my doubts were removed by that most convincing of proofs, ocular demonstration. I had gone to see an old castle in the neighbourhood, which was built on the only hill for miles round, and was therefore tolerably certain to be the haunt of a pair or two of hawks. I accordingly kept my eyes open, in the expectation of seeing one, and I was soon rewarded by the appearance on the brow of the hill of a bird, which, by its

A kestrel makes its appearance,

graceful form and the hovering motion of its wings, I knew to be a kestrel.

—and is detected by the swallows,

"His active little enemies, the swallows, a flock of which were disporting themselves close by, had been as quick to see him as I. These at once advanced to meet the intruder, and, with the utmost audacity, brushed past him in all directions, one from one quarter and one from another, each wheeling after it had swept by, and returning to the charge, while the hawk made futile dashes now and again, but was always too late to do any damage to his nimble little opponents.

—which make repeated charges,

—drive him off,

"At last, tired of waging an unequal war, and obliged to own himself conquered, he beat a hasty retreat. He was not, however, allowed to get off so easily, but was followed up by his victorious foes; and the apparent mystery of such little birds proving more than a match for such a formidable-looking antagonist, armed literally *cap-à-pie*, as he was, was quite cleared up; for as he made off, evidently at his best speed,

—and pursue him

the swallows, with the utmost ease, when left at an apparently hopeless distance behind, fetched him up, then passed him (in what appeared to me most dangerous proximity), wheeled round, met him on their return journey, and then, taking another sharp turn to the right about, repassed him, and continued repeating these manœuvres a dozen times or more.

—for a considerable distance,

"The solution of the mystery lay in their extraordinary power of flight. The way in which the swallows made straight for him, apparently bent on a personal encounter, and then, when the kestrel was reckoning on clutching them in his talons, gliding away at a tangent, was, though no doubt tantalising to the hawk, none the less amusing and interesting to me.

—making use of their superior powers of flight.

"To crown all, when the others had left off the chase, presumably not thinking it worth their while to pursue any further, it was curious to watch one solitary individual carry it on alone with such seemingly unrelenting vigour that he

Even a single swallow dares to pursue the retreating foe,

seemed actuated by feelings of the direst revenge. However that might be, the swallow certainly effectually prevented the discomfited foe from pausing in his enforced retreat. I watched both until pursuers and pursued both vanished from my sight. I dare say the little swallow continued the pursuit until he had wearied and exhausted the hawk.

—until both are out of sight.

"On another occasion I witnessed a little incident which has, to the best of my knowledge, the merit of novelty; and so I hope you will excuse my telling it. I saw a hare running across a large park by the wayside, and was looking about to see what had started it, but could not imagine what it could be, as neither man nor dog was in sight. It started again (for it had stopped and sat in a listening attitude), and then I saw that the disturbers were a flight of swallows, who were following it up like a pack of hounds; now one and now another skimming past the hare's ears along the ground, while the poor timid creature was

A hare is seen running, and evidently startled

—by a flight of swallows,

—who pester it,

putting its best leg foremost; but all to no purpose, for its relentless tormenters seemed to take pleasure in its fright, and to enjoy the sport of teasing it. —and drive it away,

"I followed the little group until an undulation of the park hid it from my view, and was greatly surprised to see the dexterity with which the swallows calculated their distance so as to impress the hare with the idea they were flying straight at her, and yet, when they were on the point of dashing against her, took a sharp turn, and swept off in a curve, to renew the attack again the next moment. —by a series of simulated attacks.

"I will close my epistle with an anecdote related by the Rev. Philip Skelton, as having come under his own observation, which seems to be appropriate, and which, I believe, will be new to most, if not all, the readers of this paper. I give it in his own words:— Mr. Skelton's story.

"'I have entertained a great affection and some degree of esteem for swallows, ever since I saw a remarkable instance of

Some swallows annoy a cat,

their sense and humour played off upon a cat which had, upon a very fine day, rested herself upon the top of a gate-post, as if in contemplation; when ten or a dozen swallows, knowing her to be an enemy, took it into their heads to tantalise her in a manner which showed a high degree, not only of good sense but of humour. One of these birds, coming from behind her, flew close by her ear, and she made a snap at it with her paw, but it was too late. Another swallow, in five or six seconds, did the same, and she made the same unsuccessful attempt to catch it; his was followed by a third, and so on to the number just mentioned; and every one, as it passed, seemed to set up a laugh at the disappointed enemy, very like the laugh of a young child when tickled. The whole number, following one another at the distance of about three yards, formed a regular circle in the air, and played it off like a wheel at her ears for near an hour, not seemingly at all alarmed at me, who stood within six or seven yards of the post. I

—by attacking her from behind, and evading her strokes,

—as she tried to catch them.

They attack in organised succession,

enjoyed this sport as well as the pretty birds, till the cat, tired out with disappointment, quitted the gate-post, as much huffed, I believe, as I had been diverted.'" —and at last drive her away.

The habit of "mobbing" seems to be inherent in animal nature generally, and is even found in fishes, as may be seen by the following anecdote. It is related by Captain Crow, from personal observation:— "Mobbing" among fishes.

"One morning, during a calm, when near the Hebrides, all hands were called up at 3 a.m. to witness a battle between several of the fish called threshers, a fox shark, and some sword-fish on the one side, and an enormous whale on the other. It was in the middle of summer, and the weather being clear, and the fish close to the vessel, we had a fine opportunity of witnessing the contest. The whale and its foes,

"As soon as the whale's back appeared above the water the threshers, springing several yards into the air, descended with great violence upon the object of their —who persecute it perseveringly,

rancour, and inflicted upon him the most severe slaps with their long tails, the sound of which resembled the report of muskets fired at a distance.

—some from above,

"The sword-fish, in their turn, attacked the distressed whale, striking it from below, and thus, beset on all sides, and wounded, where the poor creature appeared, the water around him was dyed with blood.

—and others from below,

"In this manner they continued tormenting and wounding him for many hours, until we lost sight of him, and I have no doubt that, in the end, they completed his destruction."

—continuing the attack for several hours.

It is worthy of notice that, in this case, a temporary alliance was formed between fishes belonging to different families. The sharks and sword-fishes have but little in common, and yet they united in order to attack the whale, which could not have done any harm to either of them. It is evident, therefore, that fishes must be able to communicate ideas to each other, and to act upon those ideas. In other

This temporary alliance

—between different species

words, they possess a language which is intelligible to fishes in general, and not restricted to any one species. It is absolutely inaudible and unintelligible to us, but that it exists is an absolute certainty. —infers Reason and language.

A still more curious alliance was mentioned to me by Captain Scott, R.N., namely, a joint attack upon a whale by the grampus and sword-fish, *i.e.*, an alliance between a mammal and a fish against a mammal. Captain Scott sees a similar struggle.

Birds seem to be great adepts in the art of tormenting, and this talent accordingly shows itself where least expected. As a rule, domestic poultry are remarkable for the generosity with which the master-bird treats his inferiors; he will scratch the ground, unearth some food, and then, instead of eating it himself, will call some of his favourites to him, and give to them the delicacy for which he had laboured. But I knew of one case—a solitary one, I hope—where the cock scratched as usual, called Humour in the domestic poultry,

his wives, and, when they had assembled round him, ate the morsel himself. It was just like the old school practical joke. Old boy to new boy, holding out an apple: "Do you like apples?" New boy to old boy: "Yes." Old boy to new boy: "Then see me eat one."

—very much like that of the human schoolboy.

Parrots are possessed of a very strong sense of humour, and are much given to practical joking, after the ways of mankind. My own parrot had a bad habit of whistling for the dog, and then enjoying the animal's discomfiture; and there have been many parrots who would even play practical jokes on human beings. Dogs and cats, however, seem to be the principal victims of the parrot's sense of humour.

The parrot amuses herself by deluding the dog.

I know a case where a parrot is allowed to go about the house as it likes. In that house there is also a cat, with which Polly is pleased to amuse herself. One day, when the cat was lying asleep on the rug, the parrot began to mew and scream just like young kittens when they are hurt. Up

A sleeping cat,

—duped by a parrot,

jumped the cat, and rushed in frantic haste to her beloved offspring, and was very much astonished to find them all safe and comfortably asleep. She then returned to the rug; but as soon as she had curled herself up, and settled herself comfortably, the parrot recommenced her mewings and cries, and in this way contrived to dupe the cat three times.

—into thinking that her kittens were hurt.

Every one who has watched the habits of peacocks knows the peculiar rustling sound which they can produce by shaking the feathers of their train. One of these birds, which inhabited a large yard in common with other poultry, was pleased to take umbrage at the chickens, and amused himself by driving them about, and not allowing them to eat their food. His crowning joke was to drive them all into a corner, spread his train, and rustle the feathers over their heads so as to frighten them.

Sense of humour in a peacock,

—who tyrannizes over the poultry,

—and frightens them by the rustling of his train-feathers.

All birds of the gallinaceous order are horribly alarmed at anything that appears

Instinctive sense of fear.

above them, probably owing to their instinct which teaches them to beware of a bird of prey. Sportsmen, who have found the birds become wild and wary towards the end of the summer, are well aware of this fact,

Use of the kite by sportsmen.

and, by flying a common paper kite, are enabled to come quite close to the birds, which mistake the paper kite for a bird of prey, and crouch closely to the ground as long as it is above them. The peacock was, therefore, playing on this instinctive sense of fear, when it spread its train over the chickens.

Humour in the emeu.

In his "Gatherings of a Naturalist in Australia," Mr. Bennett mentions an instance of humour in an emeu. A pair of these birds lived at Sydney, and were so tame that they walked about among the people who came to listen to the band. One day, some persons were present who did not know the birds, and, being afraid of them,

The bird takes off a gentleman's hat.

ran away. Whereupon the emeus, enjoying the joke, gave chase after one of the fugitives, and took off his hat.

The same author gives a description of the beautiful species of cassowary, called the mooruk. He kept a pair of them in a yard with his poultry, among which was a very consequential bantam cock. Every now and then the mooruk would take a fancy for chasing the bantam all over the yard, and endeavouring to trample him underfoot.

Humour in the mooruk,

—who checks the vanity of a bantam.

Here are two accounts of a similar mode of practical joking carried on by a dog, which I knew personally, and a horse, both belonging to the same lady.

"We have a little Pomeranian dog, one of whose principal amusements consists in persecuting any fowls which may invade the precincts of his garden, though he never meddles with them when they keep to their own territories. His favourite mode of torture consists in running down the unfortunate fowl, rolling it over upon its back, and then running round and round it. This conduct the dog repeats as often as the poor

A dog amuses himself with trespassing fowls,

—by knocking them over on their backs.

victim regains its feet. Should the fowl happen to be a large Cochin or Malay, the frantic agitations of its elevated legs are most ludicrous."

Playfulness in the horse

Horses, when kindly treated, are very fond of practical joking, from sheer exuberance of spirits. Ignorant grooms very often are unable to understand that playfulness is not vice, and, when they are brought in contact with a high-spirited, playful animal, consider it to be a vicious one, and treat it with brutal violence, thus ruining the temper of the animal. Here are some examples of practical joking in horses.

—often mistaken for vice.

"Charley" the carriage horse

"One of our carriage horses, 'Charley,' although by no means vicious, was a saucy creature. We had much difficulty in securing him, as he could slip or untie his halter, take down the bar, and open the stable-door. One day the groom forgot the necessary precaution of locking the door. Out into the yard walked Charley, where he found the coachman's little boy. The animal did not

—escapes from the stable,

attempt to hurt the child, but (with that feeling which causes great boys to find amusement in teasing younger ones) drove him into a corner, and, seeing that the little fellow was frightened, kept him there by shaking his head at him whenever he attempted to escape. I happened to be the first person who discovered them, and, although but a child myself, went to the rescue.

—drives a boy into the corner, and keeps him there

—by shaking his head at him.

"I knew the animal's funny tricks, and he knew that I was not afraid of him, therefore he allowed me to lead him back to the stable, only giving a parting shake of the head to his late prisoner. Although so fond of liberty himself, he would thus imprison dogs, cats, or fowls whenever an opportunity offered."

He would serve dogs and fowls in the same way.

One of my friends, when a boy, had a Shetland pony, whose idea of humour consisted in throwing every one who got on his back; and the variety of means which he could employ showed a wonderful readiness and fertility of invention. Having heard

Humour in a Shetland pony,

—who throws every one who tries to ride him.

the owner of the pony tell a few anecdotes of his former favourite, I asked for further details, and received from the old coachman of the family the following account, which I print exactly as it was written:—

The coachman's account.

"In the year 1841, 2, 3, The P—— Fox Hounds was kept at K——, J. G., Esq., master of them. There was three young Gentlemen, sons of Mr. G. They had each Poneys for hunting. Mr. F. was the eldest, then Mr. C. and Mr. A. Mr. F. twelve years of age, Mr. C. ten, and Mr. A. nine.

Three hunting ponies.

The Poneys was kept rough, never in a Stable; they ran out in the Park summer and winter, had a shed to go into at night; they got a little Corn and Hay in winter, that was all the Grooming they got. One

"Tom Tit" and his ways.

of them named Tom tit was rather a rum one to ride; he was about ten hands High, a dark Bay with Black Points, Carraed very little flesh, more like a roe deer than a Poney; his rider was Mr. C. At that time his weight would be about 6 Stone. None Could ride him but him self. I remember of 5 of the

Stable Lads trying to ride him in the Park amongest the rest I was one. No sooner did we get on to him then he Pitched every one of us over his head. Of Course we had no Saddle.

He throws five stable-lads in succession.

"I have seen Mr. C. get on to him in the Stableyard, and the first thing he would try to do was to Pitch him over his head; having failed in that, he would try to rub him off against a wall or house, thinking he had got his leg betwixt him and wall; but Mr. C. was too wide awake for him, the moment he saw what he was up too he put his leg up on his neck, then having faild there, he maid for the Coachhouse wich was verry narrow, Just room enough to let a Man in along side of Carriage, he would get in there trying first the wall and then against the Carriage; he had not room enough to turn to get out, so that some of us would lift him and his rider out without any Damage being done; then having faild in all these atemps, he ran off Past the Mansion house; there is a burn runs

Not being able to throw his master, he tries to rub him off against a wall,

—or a carriage-wheel.

Close Past the house, a Bridge over it, and then a gate about 4 feet High, and wich he maid an atemp to Jump, he got his·fore legs over the tope bar up as far as the knees and he was fixed he Could nether get one way nor another, he was Standing on his hind feet almost as Straight as a man and his rider Still in the Saddle. I run up to him and said, What are you doing there? His rider said, I know what, he wants me off some way or other, so must Just get down when he had the boldness to get up, I will not Come off: so I lifted the two off the Gate. I have seen him when in a run with the Hounds go through a hole in a hedge you would think not large enough to let one of the Hounds. He was very Seldom thrown out of a run, he Could gallop like a race horse; very Good for soft ground, being so light. I remember of the going a-missing all in a sudden so they were both lost. Mr. G. called out, C., were are you? The answer sounded near where were Standing I hear they were

He then tries to jump a gate,

—but can only get his fore-legs over,

—and is fixed upright.

He and his rider have to be lifted off together.

He could leap through small gaps,

—and once tried to dismount his rider by lying down in a ditch.

both lying in a ditch up to the neck in water, and Poor C. and Poney had to go home very much aganst there will."

When sold he threw his rider, and returned to his old quarters.

The same pony was afterwards sold and taken away. However, when he was some five or six miles away, he had recourse to his old tricks, he sent his rider over his head, galloped off, and jumped several walls, swam the river Earn, and presented himself at his old quarters.

A struggle for mastery.

The "Mr. C.," mentioned by the coachman, tells me that the perpetual struggle for mastery was nothing but pure fun on the part of the pony; but that if he had once dismounted, even when in such absurd positions as those which the coachman so well describes, the pony would have been master ever afterwards.

The horses at Barfreyston

Last summer I was witness to a scene, showing that the horse possesses a strong sense of humour. I was walking through Barfreyston, a village near Dover, and saw over the rather high wall of a farmyard

—amuse themselves

a couple of horses careering about madly. The wall was so high, that only their heads could be seen, and occasionally a whisk of their tails. Finding an aperture through which I could look without being seen, I found that the horses were amusing themselves by chasing a pig, hunting it round and round the yard, driving it into corners, and occasionally flinging their heels into the air with delight.

—by hunting a pig,

—driving it round the yard,

—and giving it no repose,

They scarcely gave that wretched pig any rest. Sometimes, when tired with their exertions, they would lie still for a few minutes, and the pig would get away as far as possible from his tormentors. But no sooner did the poor animal settle down to a cabbage-leaf than the horses would be at him again, driving him about, and putting him in such a state of perturbation by chasing him from different directions, that he had not the least idea where to run so as to escape his tormentors. The horses, in fact, were acting just as two school-boys might be expected to do if

—just as two mischievous boys might have done.

a pig's adverse fate had delivered it in their hands.

Many of the lower animals not only show their playfulness in such tricks as those which have been mentioned, but are able to appreciate and take part in the games played by children. When I was a boy, I knew a little dog, a King Charles's spaniel, which was an accomplished player at the well-known game called tigg, or touch. The little animal displayed quite as much enthusiasm as any of the human players, and would dart away from the boy who happened to be "touch," with an anxiety that almost appeared to be terror. Of course, to touch the dog was an impossibility; but he was a generous little creature, with a strong sense of justice, and so, when he thought that his turn ought to come, he stood still and waited quietly to be touched. His mode of touching his playfellows was always by grasping the end of their trousers in his teeth; and as it was

Animals capable of participating in children's games.

The spaniel plays at "touch" with boys,

—and is generous as well as playful.

His mode of touching.

impossible for the boy to stop when so seized in full course, the dog often got jerked along the ground for some little distance.

A pony playing at hide-and-seek.

A lady told me lately that, when a girl, she had a pony which would play hide-and-seek with the children. Hiding was necessarily only a pretence on the part of the pony; but the animal would go to some corner, hide its head, and make believe that it was entirely concealed.

"Daisy," the cat,

Hide and seek seems to be a game which can be learned and enjoyed by many animals. One of my correspondents has sent me an account of a favourite cat which was an adept in the game. She was a white cat, with yellow eyes, and went by the name

—learning, when a kitten,

of "Daisy." She was given, when quite a little kitten, to her mistress, who was then a young child, and the two became inseparable companions, joining in their sports, one of which was hide-and-seek.

The little mistress used to hide, and the kitten to search for her, invariably discovering her lurking-place. —to play at hide-and-seek with his young mistress.

One of the most curious points in this animal was, that when she became a cat, and had a kitten of her own, she taught her young one the game which she had learned from her mistress, importing into the game an element which I have over and over again seen in the same game when played by children. The kitten went and hid itself, or, rather, pretended to hide, and the mother went in search of it. She would pretend not to see the kitten, and pass close to its hiding-place. Then, as if startled, she would spring back, the kitten would jump out at her, and the two would rush about in high glee. She afterwards teaches her own kitten the game, —which they play just as children would do, —pretending not to see each other.

The reader can compare with this story the anecdote of "Pop" and the hidden key, which will be found in another part of this work.

A somewhat similar anecdote is told in the *Zoologist*, page 9430, of a short-tailed

A short-tailed field-mouse is cleared from ticks,

fieldmouse, which had been tamed. It was found so covered with ticks that it could hardly crawl. It was picked up, cleared from the vermin, and placed in a box. It was so grateful for the relief, that it did not try to escape, and, on the very first day, took food from the hand of its benefactor.

—and becomes tame.

It learns its name "Peter," comes when called,

"Little 'Peter,' as he was named, soon learned to come when called, and was let out of the box every day to play about the room. Strange to say, he showed a decided appreciation of fun, a favourite amusement being to hide himself in a basin of corn, which was kept for his benefit. In this he would bury himself, refusing to answer to his name, and evidently expecting to be looked for. If my friend took no notice of him, Peter's slender stock of patience soon became exhausted; first a shrill squeak was heard, then the corn flew up in showers, and, at last, up came Peter's little round head to the surface."

—and plays hide-and-seek in a corn-bowl;

—displaying impatience when not found soon enough.

This interesting little animal died from feasting too largely on a pear which had

been injudiciously given to it by one of the servants.

Dr. Bennett, in his "Gatherings of a Naturalist in Australasia," mentions that a couple of young duckbills in his possession used to play at hide-and-seek behind the furniture of the room. One would hide itself and then give a squeak, when the other would hunt for it and at last find it.

The reader will remember that a kestrel possessed the same powers of "making believe," pretending that a piece of brick was a mouse, and fighting fiercely if any one offered to take it away.

See the kestrel, Vol. II., page 38.

Not even the huge and unwieldy whales are exempt from the sense of humour as displayed by playfulness. In Bennett's "Whaling Voyage" there is a short and graphic description of this trait of character in the spermaceti whale or cachalot, as it is often called:—

Humour in the cachalot whale.

"A large party of cachalots gambolling on the surface of the ocean is one of the most curious and imposing spectacles which

a whaling voyage affords; the huge size and uncouth agility of the monsters exhibiting a strange combination of the grand and ridiculous.

—which will leap completely out of the water,

"On such occasions it is not unusual to observe a whale of the largest size leap from the water with the activity of a salmon, display the entire bulk of its gigantic frame suspended at the height of several feet in the air, and again plunge into the sea with a helpless and tremendous fall, which causes the surrounding waters to shoot up in broad and lofty volumes capped with foam.

—so as to make a great splash when they fall.

"Others of the same 'school' leap or 'breach' in a less degree, sportively brandish their broad and fan-shaped flukes in the air, or protrude their heads perpendicularly above the waves, like columns of black rock."

Captain Scott's anecdote.

Captain Scott, R.N., once told me, as an example of the height to which a cachalot will leap in these gambols, that when standing on the deck of a man-of-war,

he has seen the horizon under the animal before it fell again into the water. When we recollect that these whales often reach eighty feet in length, we may appreciate the force which is exerted in projecting this huge mass to such a height.

Here are two instances of humour as exhibited by birds, and showing playfulness without any desire to cause personal annoyance. Playfulness in birds.

Two ladies were sitting at work in a room in which was a pet canary belonging to one of them. The bird threw a reel of cotton on the floor, took the end of the thread in its beak, and wound it first round the neck of one lady and then round that of the other, until the reel was empty, when the bird perched on a chair and seemed quite pleased with its freak. A pet canary unwinds a reel of cotton, twists the thread round her mistress,

The lady to whom the bird belonged tried to unwind the thread from her neck, but every time that she attempted to remove it, the canary flew at her and flapped its wings —and will not allow it to be removed.

in her face, so as to prevent her from freeing herself.

Humour in a bullfinch.

A young lady, who was considered as the mistress of a bullfinch by every one except the bird himself, sends me the following account of her pet's sense of humour, which was developed, as is usual among the lower animals, in the form of a practical joke.

"Bully" empties a workbox,

"One day, while 'Bully' was flying about the dining-room, mamma went out of the room, leaving on the table her workbox, in which was a little pincushion stuck full of needles already threaded, besides pins.

—pulls all the pins out of the cushion,

Bully knew that he was not allowed to touch the pins; but as soon as mamma left the room he pulled all the pins out of the pincushion, and scattered them about the

—throws away the needles,

tablecloth. The needles he carried to the top of the lamp, and twisted the thread

—and twists the thread round the lamp.

round a part of the lamp. He then put the pincushion under the sofa, and retired to the lamp, where he waited until mamma came back."

It is really a remarkable fact that these

two birds, each belonging to the finches, should have played similar practical jokes with thread, *i.e.*, twisting it about some object where it had no business to be. I ought to add, that the story of the canary was sent to me only a few days ago, while no less than thirteen years have elapsed since the anecdote of the bullfinch was sent. It had been put away in a box, and was only found an hour or two before this present time—11.25 A.M., January 8, 1874.

Similarity in conduct between the two finches.

In Bennett's "Wanderings in New South Wales" there is a singularly interesting history of the life and death of a Siamese ape, which went by the name of "Ungka." He was a playful animal, and sometimes, when he could not find a human playfellow, he would try to make companions of some small monkeys that were on board the same ship. He was too big and black for them, however, and they united together for the purpose of driving him away.

"Ungka," the Siamese ape.

He is companionable and wants to play with some smaller monkeys.

They reject his advances.

"Ungka, thus repelled in his kind en-

—whereupon he retaliates

deavours to establish something like sociality amongst them, determined in his own mind to annoy and punish them for their impudence. So the next time that they united, as before, in a body on his approach, he watched the opportunity, and, when one was off his guard, seized a rope, and, swinging towards him, caught him by the tail and hauled away upon it, much to the annoyance of the owner, who had no idea that such a retaliation was to take place. He continued pulling on it as if determined to detach it, until the agility and desperation of the monkey, at being so treated, obliged him to relinquish his hold.

—by seizing one of them by the tail,

—and nearly pulling it off.

Sometimes he carried the monkey up the rigging by the tail,

"But it not unfrequently happened that he made his way up the rigging, dragging the monkey after him, and thus made him follow his course most unwillingly. If in his ascent he required both hands, he would pass the tail of his captive into the prehensile palm of his feet. It was the most grotesque scene imaginable, and will long remain in the remembrance of those who

—in spite of the struggles of his victim.

witnessed it. It was performed by Ungka with the most perfect gravity of countenance, while the poor suffering monkey grinned, chattered, and twisted about, making the most strenuous efforts to escape from his opponent's grasp.

"His countenance, at all times a figure of fun, now had terror added to it, increasing the delineations of beauty; and when the poor beast had been dragged some distance up the rigging, Ungka, tired of his labour, would suddenly let go his hold of the tail, when it would require some skill on the part of the monkey to seize a rope in order to prevent his receiving a compound fracture by a rapid descent on deck. Ungka, having himself no caudal extremity, knew well that he was perfectly free from any retaliation on the part of his opponent."

When tired of the burden, he lets the monkey drop,—to shift for itself as it can.

After this the small monkeys had a consultation, and agreed that whenever Ungka assaulted either of them, they should all unite in attacking him. This, by the way, is another proof of language and power of

At last they combine against Ungka,

—who has to abandon pulling monkeys' tails,

—and to content himself with that of a pig.

combination among animals, as mentioned in Vol. I., Chapter V. Having acquired a taste for tail-pulling, and finding it unsafe to attack the monkeys, Ungka took to pulling the tail of the ship's pig, trying, but in vain, to straighten it.

We shall hear something more of this animal in connection with the subjects of Pride and Conscience.

Use of Humour in the next world.

Some persons have asked me what use the capacity of humour could subserve in the next world? I suppose, much the same that it subserves in this. For my own part, I should extremely regret, were it possible, to lose my sense of humour whenever it may please my Maker to summon me into the spirit-world. There are some, even in this world, in whom the sense of humour seems to be absolutely wanting, and, however estimable they may be in character, they are just solemn prigs. I should be sorry to resemble them in the next world.

A missing sense.

CHAPTER XI.

PRIDE, JEALOUSY, ANGER, REVENGE, TYRANNY.

PRIDE, or Self-esteem, among Animals.—Etiquette in the Cow-shed.—Pride of Ancestry in the Mule.—Different Positions of the Horse and the Ass among Mules.—The "Bell Mare" and her Value to Muleteers.—Animals sensitive to Ridicule.—"Pret's" objection to disparaging Remarks.—Dislike of Ridicule shown by "Ungka."—Pride in personal Appearance.—The Peacock, the Turkey, the Whidah-bird, and the Bird of Paradise.—JEALOUSY and its Developments.—Definition of the two kinds of Jealousy.—Jealousies between Pets.—"Zeno," "Diver," and their Aquatic Rivalries.—Jealousy of a Dog, accompanied by ANGER, and followed by REVENGE.—The brown Mouse and its white Rival.—Jealousy and delayed Revenge among Poultry.—The Love-drama of the Mandarin Duck, and its Adaptability to the Stage.—Comparison with Human Beings.—TYRANNY among the Animals.—Tyranny in the Tiger-beetle.—The Hermit Crabs and their Conflicts.—Tyranny among gregarious Animals and Birds.—The Tyrant and the Harem.—Comparison with polygamous Man.—Tyranny in the Aviary.—Tyranny of Pets.—"Duchie" and her Mistress.

THE five characteristics which head this chapter are not pleasing; but, such as they are, they belong to the immaterial, Qualities common to man and the lower animals.

and not the material, part of man. We shall see that the lower animals also possess these qualities, and the inference to be drawn from that fact is obvious. We will take those characteristics in order.

PRIDE, —as shown in gregarious animals.

Pride, or self-esteem, is developed as fully in many animals as it can be in the proudest of the human race. This is shown most conspicuously in animals which herd together. There is always one leader at the head, who will not suffer any move to be made without his permission, and who resents the slightest interference with his authority. Especially is this the case with the deer tribe, the horses, and the oxen. Even when these latter animals are domesticated, and the habits of their wild life are materially changed, the feeling of pride exists to the fullest extent.

Pride in the farmyard.

I have often amused myself by watching the inhabitants of a farmyard, and seeing how the cows have their laws of precedence and etiquette as clearly defined as those of

any European court. Every cow knows her own place and keeps it; she will not condescend to take a lower, and would not be allowed to take a higher. When a newly bought calf is first introduced to the farmyard, it is treated just like a new boy at school. The previous inhabitants of the yard come and inspect it contemptuously, they decline its society, they crowd it away from the hayracks; and a new comer in a farmyard has about as much chance of approaching the rack at feeding-time, as a new boy has of getting near the fire on a cold winter day.

Etiquette among cows.

Treatment of a new comer.

However, as time goes on, the young calf increases in growth, and is allowed to mix with her companions on tolerably equal terms. Then, if a younger animal than herself be admitted, it is amusing to see with what gratification she bullies the new comer, and how much higher she seems to rank in her own estimation when she is no longer the junior. Should the fates be propitious, she arrives at the dignity of

Dignity increases with time,

—and is sedulously asserted,

being senior cow, and never fails to assert that dignity on every occasion. When the cattle are taken out of the yard to their pasture in the morning, and when they return to it in the evening, she will not allow any except herself to take the lead. I have heard of one instance, where the man in charge of the cows would not allow the "ganger," as the head cow is often called, to go out first. The result was, that she refused to go out at all; and, in order to get her out of the yard, the man had to drive all the other cows back again, so that she might take her proper place at their head.

—in going out and coming in.

The head cow

—asserts,

—and maintains her position.

In this country we make so little use of the mule, that we know scarcely anything of its real disposition. Those, however, who have been forced into long companionship with this animal have always observed some very curious traits of character in it. Judging from popular ideas respecting the mule, we might think that

The mule

—its mental and moral character.

the animal had no pride in its composition, whereas it is in reality a very proud animal, and fond of good society, as is shown by the following extract from Froebel's "Seven Years in Central America:"—

Froebel and his mules.

"From drivers and muleteers we may pass to mules, which are in many respects far more interesting than the former, and whose natural disposition is an attractive subject to the observer of nature.

Pride in the mule.

"One of the most striking characteristics of the mule is his aversion to the ass, and the pride which he takes in his relationship to the horse, which instincts are met with obtrusiveness in the ass, and by indifference in the horse. If an ass at any time, urged by the vanity peculiar to its race as related to the mule, happens to fall in with a drove of mules, he will, in all probability, be kicked and lamed by his proud relations. A horse, on the contrary, takes a distinguished position in a drove of mules. The latter crowd round him and follow his movements, exhibiting a violent jealousy,

His aversion for the ass,

—and respect for the horse.

each striving to stand nearest to their distinguished relative.

"This instinct is employed to keep together a drove of mules on a journey or at pasture, by putting a mare to the drove, with a bell round her neck, and called the 'Bell Mare,'—by the Mexicans, 'Layegua Madre,' *i.e.* the mother-mare. This animal is led day and night by a cord, and the whole drove is thus kept under control, and will not leave their queen. It is, therefore, very difficult to separate the drove. The man who leads the mare is instructed, in case of an attack from the Indians, to leap instantly upon the back of this animal, and take refuge in the waggon encampment, whither the drove is sure to follow him.

The "Mother-mare,"

—and her followers.

Instructions to her rider.

"Even if the Indians succeed in separating any mules from the drove, they find it difficult to carry them off. The animals incessantly attempt to turn back, and the travellers are thus enabled to overtake the robbers, and recover the stolen animals.

The Indian robbers baffled.

The Indians, in consequence, use every means to get possession of the mare, and, if they succeed in this, the whole drove is lost to their owners. If several horses are in a drove of mules, the danger is that the latter become dispersed; and this is the reason that, in these journeys, saddle horses are not allowed to go loose, but are led by a cord."

Divided allegiance.

It is rather curious to trace among the lower animals a feeling which bears a very close resemblance to pride of birth among mankind.

Varieties of pride in man and animals: Pride of birth.

Pride shows itself in many ways, both in men and animals. Here we have pride of rank and love of precedence among cows, and pride of ancestry among mules. Sometimes pride takes the form of sensitiveness to ridicule. There is nothing so galling to a proud man as to feel himself the object of ridicule, and precisely the same trait of character is to be found in many animals. As may be expected, this form of pride is

Pride of station.

Sensitiveness to ridicule.

—especially in domesticated animals.

mostly developed in the domesticated animals; or, perhaps, it is in those that we have most opportunities of observing it.

"Pret" objects to disparaging remarks,

My cat, "Pret," for example, was peculiarly sensitive to anything approaching ridicule. He was quite conscious if we spoke of him in a disparaging manner, and

—expresses disapprobation,

testified his disapprobation after his own manner. But to laugh at him was an insult which he could not brook, and, if we continued to do so, he would arch his

—and repudiates the speakers.

tail, hold himself very stiff indeed, and march slowly out of the room. How sensitive all high-bred dogs are to ridicule is so well known, that we need not occupy space by citing examples.

"Ungka" again.

The Siamese ape, "Ungka," a part of whose history has already been given in connection with the subject of Humour, possessed a keen sense of ridicule. The animal was exceedingly tame, and at meal-times always came to take his share, a corner of the table being appropriated to his use. "When, from any of his ludicrous

actions at table, we all burst out in loud laughter, he would vent his indignation at being made the object of ridicule, by uttering his peculiar hollow barking noise, at the same time inflating the air-sac, and regarding the persons laughing with a most serious look, until they had ceased, when he would quietly resume his dinner."

His manners are ludicrous, —but must not be laughed at.

Pride in personal appearance, or vanity, is often to be seen among the lower animals, more especially among those birds who are notable for bright or abundant plumage.

Pride in personal appearance.

Any one who has seen a peacock in all the glory of his starry train, will recognise the intense pride which the bird feels at his own splendour. He does not only display his magnificent train for the purpose of attracting the homage of his plainly clad mates, but seems to be just as proud of the admiration bestowed by human beings as of that offered by his own kind.

The peacock and his train.

He solicits the admiration of man.

Nor does he despise the homage of birds whom he considers his inferiors. Only a few hours before writing these lines, I saw a peacock with his train fully spread, displaying all his grandeur around a dozen barn-door fowls. He stalked majestically among them, scarcely deigning to look at them, but turning round and round so as to display his grandeur to the best advantage, and apparently as satisfied with the effect which he produced as if he had been surrounded by his own kind.

The turkey in his glory.

Then there is the turkey, whose movements are so grotesque when he is strutting about in his nuptial plumage, and who surveys himself with ludicrous complacency.

The Whidah-bird

Taking the well-known Whidah-bird (or widow-bird, as it is often called), we see this trait of character highly developed.

—exults in his long tail,

He is wonderfully proud of his beautiful tail, and, as long as he wears it, loses no opportunity of displaying it to every visitor who approaches his cage.

—and, during the moulting season

But when the moulting season comes, and he assumes for

a while the plain, tailless suit of his mate, his manner is as changed as his appearance, and, instead of exhibiting himself in all his pride, he mopes about with a dull and listless demeanour, and seems absolutely ashamed of his mean condition.

—mopes in dudgeon.

It might be expected that so magnificent a creature as the bird of paradise would have its full share of pride; and that this is the case, is shown by the account of a tame specimen in Bennett's "New South Wales," to which reference has already been made.

The bird of paradise

"One of the best opportunities of seeing this splendid bird in all its beauty of action, as well as display of plumage, is early in the morning, when he makes his toilet. The beautiful sub-alar plumage is then thrown out, and cleansed from any spot that may sully its purity, by being passed gently through the bill. The short chocolate-coloured wings are extended to the utmost; he keeps them in a slowly flapping motion,

—makes his morning toilet,

—cleans his feathers,

as if in imitation of their use in flight;

—and airs his filmy plumage,

at the same time raising up the delicate long feathers over the back, which are spread in a chaste and elegant manner, floating like films in the ambient air.

"In this position the bird would remain for a short time, seeming proud of its

—awaiting admiration.

heavenly beauty, and in raptures of delight with its most enchanting self. It will then assume various attitudes, so as to regard its plumage in every direction.

His fastidious cleanliness

"I never yet beheld a soil on its feathers. After expanding the wings, it would bring them together so as to conceal the head; then, bending gracefully, it would inspect the state of its plumage underneath. This action is repeated in quick succession, uttering at the same time its croaking notes.

—extends to all the plumage,

It then pecks and cleans its plumage in every part within reach; and, throwing out the elegant and delicate tufts of feathers underneath the wings, seemingly with much

—each feather being successively preened.

care, and not a little pride, they were cleaned in succession by throwing them

abroad, elevating, and passing them in succession through the bill.

"Then, turning its back upon the spectator, the bird repeats the actions above mentioned, but not in so careful a manner; elevating its tail and long shaft feathers, it raises the delicate plumage of a similar character to the sub-alar, forming a beautiful crest, and, throwing its feathers up with much grace, appears as proud as a lady in her full ball dress. Having completed the toilet, it utters the usual cawing notes, at the same time looking archly at the spectators as if ready to receive all the admiration that it considers its elegant form and display of plumage demand. It then takes exercise by hopping in a rapid but graceful manner from one end of the upper perch to the other, and descends suddenly upon the second perch, close to the bars of the cage, looking out for the grasshoppers, which it is accustomed to receive at this time."

The process is repeated in reverse,

—and continued,

—until the full toilet is completed.

Not until then does the bird take exercise,

—and eat his breakfast.

Here we have the character of pride in

The bird compared with man.

personal appearance developed as strongly as it could be in any human being. Moreover, the bird could sufficiently enter into the feelings of the spectators to understand that they were admiring its beauty, and to exult in that admiration.

JEALOUSY.

Two kinds of Jealousy.

Jealousy is of two kinds, one connected with the love of some other being, and the other depending on the love of self. The former is thus defined in Webster's Dictionary:—"That passion or peculiar uneasiness which arises from the fear that a rival may rob us of the affection of one whom we love, or the suspicion that he has already done it." The latter is thus defined:—"The uneasiness which arises from the fear that another does or will enjoy some advantage which we desire for ourselves." We will only deal with the former of these traits of character.

Definition of the former.

Definition of the latter.

In the first place, it is evident, from the definition which has just been given, that

jealousy implies the power of reasoning, and that any creature by which it is shown must be able to draw a conclusion from premisses. Perhaps the animal is wrong in its conclusion; but the process is still one of reasoning, however incorrect that process may be.

Jealousy cannot exist without reasoning.

All persons who have possessed pet animals must be familiar with the exceeding jealousy displayed by most of them. This feeling is manifested most strongly when an animal has been the only pet, and another is introduced into the house.

Jealousy as exhibited by pet animals.

My own cat, "Pret," resented so strongly the advent of a Skye terrier, that when the dog came into the house, he walked out, and never would enter it again. He had already put up with a baby, which was a very great trial to his feelings; but a dog was more than he could endure, and so he retired to his own house in the garden, and lived there alone. His affection for me remained unchanged, and he

"Pret" and the Skye terrier.

His feelings, already lacerated by a baby,

—are overcome by a dog.

was only too happy when I went into the garden. But he held the house desecrated by a dog, and, even when hungry, he could not be allured within the door by the offer of food.

—whom he considers as a contaminator of the house.

Not that he had any personal objection to the dog: on the contrary, the two animals were very friendly with each other, even eating out of the same dish. But Pret considered that "Bosco" had no right to me, and whenever I came on the scene, Bosco got his ears boxed, and had to retire into the background. So absurdly strong was this jealous feeling, that whenever I wanted Pret to come quickly, I used to call Bosco; which ruse always had the effect of bringing Pret along at full speed, in order to anticipate the dog.

He and the dog are perfectly good friends,

—until the master appears,

—when the dog is made to feel his inferiority.

Jealousy utilized.

One of my neighbours has a couple of little dogs, "Bell," a black and tan toy terrier, and "Fay," a cross between Skye and Maltese. These two animals are the best of friends, always lying on the same mat, which they share with an enormous

"Bell" and "Fay"

—are very good friends,

cat, called "Tommy." But, with regard to their human friends, their jealousy of each other is extreme. They do not seem to care if notice be taken of the cat; but if Bell be caressed, Fay is sure to sidle up and try to interpose herself between Bell and the caressing hand. Bell is equally jealous, but shows her feeling by noisy and angry demonstrations of assault, which, however, never are carried into effect.

—but very jealous of each other,

—which they evince in different ways.

I suppose that most of my readers, who have possessed two or more dogs at the same time, must have been amused at the boundless jealousy which they will display towards each other while engaged in the service of their master, though at other times very excellent friends. Such scenes as the following are of frequent occurrence, and are instructive as well as amusing.

Jealousy usual among dogs.

"I have in my possession a favourite dog called 'Zeno' (from the Greek philosopher); his age is over seventeen years;

"Zeno" the terrier

he is a cross between an otter terrier and a Scotch.

—is fond of the gun,

"There never was a cleverer dog. He is passionately fond of the gun; and though very serviceable in the field, still I disliked to have him when pointers were at work. He was the finest retriever I ever saw, and if there was a wounded bird, hare, or rabbit, if he were allowed, he would find it, go where it might be, even into the sea. Wherever I went to shoot, he was sure to find me, no matter whether I walked, drove, or rode. I have seen him come up to me of an afternoon, when he must have travelled seven or eight miles, and well did he know he was doing wrong. He would sneak up behind me, afraid almost to show himself; but wherever I gave him a sign of kindly recognition, he became quite frantic and overjoyed; in an instant, however, he was at my heels.

—and is an unsurpassed retriever.

He insists upon going out shooting,

—and outmanœuvres his master.

His companion "Diver."

"A favourite amusement of mine was to shoot wild-fowl and teal in the Frith of Forth. I used to take Zeno, and a

large Newfoundland, named 'Diver,' with me.

"Zeno was ever on the watch, and wherever I killed the bird, it was amusing to see the two plunging into the waves, and racing to get first to it. Zeno generally picked up the bird, having no heavy coat to impede him; but Diver often thought that he should have the honour of carrying it, and would attempt to take it from him, but it was of no use. The battle often became fierce, the little dog dropping his game, flying at the larger one with all his fury, then, picking up his bird, would paddle his way to the boat-side, look up in my face as if saying, 'Have I not done well?' and then I would help him up, when the two were as good friends as ever."

A race for the bird.

Good feeling restored.

The power of jealousy and anger is well shown by the following anecdote of a pet dog. I knew the animal well, and his mistress wrote the little history at my request.

Jealousy of a dog

—towards other pets,

"One of our pet dogs, of a mixed breed, with long white hair, was, in common with most pets, of a very jealous disposition, always showing displeasure if any other living thing obtained a share of that attention which he considered exclusively his own.

—and especially towards a sick duck.

"One wintry morning, a poor little infantine duck, that had been injured, was brought into the house to be nursed and tended. The dog watched all the attentions bestowed upon it, was evidently annoyed at the intrusion of a rival where he had ruled supreme, and vowed vengeance.

The duck disappears.

"After a few days the duck mysteriously disappeared. The dog was suspected, but neither dog nor duck could be found. Just before dark, a more minute search was made in the house and garden, and at last something was visible under a large rose-tree. There stood the culprit, shivering with cold, his nose and paws all covered with mud, and at his feet was a half-filled

At last the dog is detected in trying to bury the body of the duck.

grave, in which was deposited the body of the murdered duck.

"His long hair had become entangled in the thorns of the rose-tree while he was engaged in burying his victim, and fear of detection and reproof had caused him to remain a silent captive for so many hours. His pitiful condition disarmed our censure, for he was so firmly fixed that the gardener had to cut off the rose-branch, so that it might be more leisurely disentangled in the house. Before this event the gardener had not been a favourite with the dog, but ever afterwards it seemed to feel itself owing a debt of gratitude to its deliverer."

He is caught by the thorns of a rose-tree,

—and is afraid to call for help.

He is at last cut out by the gardener.

The dog in question lives at Canterbury, where his intellect and accomplishments have made him well known.

We see in the behaviour of the animal, not only jealousy, but memory, hatred, and revenge, and a sense of moral responsibility. The remembrance of the favours lavished on his rival rankled in his memory, and

Several mental and moral qualities shown by the dog:

Hatred, —revenge, —conscience, —and fear.

the result was hatred culminating in revenge when he found an opportunity. Then he knew that he had done wrong in killing the duck, and, just as a man would do who had committed a murder, tried to conceal the evidences of his crime by burying the body of his victim. So deeply was his conscience pricked that, when he found himself arrested by the bush, he ran the risk of dying of cold and hunger rather than allow himself to be discovered.

A house mouse is tamed, and will eat from the hand of its mistress.

Even in such rarely tamed animals as the common mouse, the feeling of jealousy has been known to be so strong as to lead to murder. A young lady, one of my correspondents, had succeeded in taming a common brown mouse so completely, that it would eat out of her hand, and allow itself to be taken off the floor. She had also a tame white mouse in a cage.

It is jealous of a white mouse, and kills it.

One morning, when she went to feed the white mouse as usual, she found it lying dead on the bottom of the cage, and beside

it was its murderer, the brown mouse. The cage being opened, the latter made its escape, but how it had contrived to gain admission was a mystery.

Jealousy restrained through fear.

An instance has lately come to my knowledge, where jealousy was restrained for a considerable time through fear, and at last broke out when the cause of fear was removed. The story is told by a lady living in Edinburgh.

A Malay cock

"I remember a Malay cock of mine manifesting a mixture of hatred and revenge to a dead rival, equal in fury, if not in power, to what a Malay man, in similar circumstances, might have shown.

—is a cowardly bird, and in subjection to a companion.

"We had a very splendid dunghill cock, who kept the Malay (a cowardly caitiff) in great subjection. This cock died suddenly. His rival came by chance on his dead body. He instantly sprung on it, kicked, spurred, and trampled upon the lifeless bird, and, standing upon the corpse, flapped his wings, and crowed himself hoarse with the most disgusting energy.

The rival dies, and the corpse is mutilated by the Malay cock,

—who takes possession of the harem,

"The rascal took instant possession of the harem, and I often thought that the hens must sadly have missed their old lord. He always used to share any titbits with them—

—and keeps all the best things for himself.

a practice carefully avoided by his successor, the Eastern despot, who greedily kept the best to himself."

Again, comparing man with beast, we see that the bird in this case acted exactly as a savage does when his enemy has fallen.

Savages act in just the same way towards their fallen enemies.

The savage exults over the dead body of an enemy, especially if that foe has been very formidable in life, and mutilates in futile revenge the form which he feared when living.

Life drama of the Mandarin ducks,

Take the following story, which is related in Bennett's "Wanderings in New South Wales," transform the actors into human beings, and see how exactly the birds acted like human beings, and how the plot of a powerful drama might be constructed from the story. The birds in question were the beautiful little "Mandarin" ducks, which

even in China are exceedingly valuable. They are proverbial for their conjugal fidelity, and, in marriage processions, a pair of these ducks are carried about as emblems of the love which ought to animate the newly married couple.

—which are held in China as emblems of conjugal fidelity.

"The following circumstance of fidelity was mentioned to me as having occurred in two birds of this species.

"A drake was stolen one night, with some other birds, from Mr. Beale's aviary. The beautiful male was alone taken, and the poor duck was left behind. The morning following the loss of her husband, the female was seen in a most disconsolate condition; brooding in secret sorrow, she remained in a retired part of the aviary, pondering over the severe loss she had just sustained.

A drake is stolen from an aviary,

—leaving the duck disconsolate in her sorrow.

"While she was thus delivering her soul to grief, a gay, prim drake, who had not long before lost his dear duck, which had been accidentally killed, trimmed his beautiful feathers, appeared quite handsome, and

Another drake, being a widower,

pitying the forlorn condition of the bereaved,

—makes advances to her,

waddled towards her, and, after devoting much of his time and all his attention to the unfortunate female, he offered her his

—but is rejected.

protection. She, however, refused all his offers, having made, in audible quacks, a solemn vow to live and die a widow if her mate did not return.

She loses her appetite,

"From the day on which she met with her loss, she neglected her usual avocations, forsook her food and usual scenes of delight, where she loved to roam with him now absent, and to excite his brave spirit to drive away all the rivals that might attempt

—and refuses to be consoled.

even to approach them. But those fleeting hours of enjoyment had passed, perhaps never to return, and no consolation that could be offered by any of her tribe had the least effect. Every endeavour was made to recover the lost bird, as it was not expected that the beautiful creature would be killed.

"Some time elapsed after the loss, when a person, accidentally passing a hut, over-

heard some Chinese of the lower class conversing together. He understood sufficient of their language to find out that they said, 'It would be a pity to kill so handsome a bird.' 'How, then,' said another, 'can we dispose of it?' The hut was noted, as it was immediately suspected that the lost Mandarin drake was the subject of the conversation. A servant was sent, and, after some trouble, recovered the long-lost drake by paying four dollars for him. He was then brought back to the aviary in one of the usual cane cages.

After three weeks a clue is obtained,

—the bird discovered,

—and repurchased.

"As soon as the bird recognised the aviary, he expressed his joy by quacking vehemently and flapping his wings. The interval of three weeks had elapsed since he was taken away by force; but when the forlorn duck heard the note of her lost husband, she quacked, even to screaming with ecstasy, and flew as far as she could in the aviary, to greet him on his restoration. Being let out of the cage, the drake immediately entered the aviary, and the

He recognises the aviary.

His wife hears his voice,

—flies to meet him,

—and they are again united and happy.

unfortunate couple were again united. They quacked, crossed necks, bathed together, and then are supposed to have related all their mutual hopes and fears during the long separation.

She tells her husband of the widower's advances to her.

"One word more on the unfortunate widower who kindly offered consolation to the duck when overwhelmed with grief. She, in a most ungrateful manner, informed her drake of the impudent and gallant proposals he made to her during his absence. It is merely supposition that he did so; but, at all events, the result was that, on the day subsequent to his return, the recovered drake attacked the other, pecked his eyes out, and inflicted on him so many other injuries as to occasion his death in a few days. Thus did this unfortunate drake meet with a premature and violent death for his kindness and attention to a disconsolate lady. It may perhaps be correctly written on his grave, 'A victim to conjugal fidelity.'"

He attacks his would-be rival,

—and kills him in single combat,

—by way of vengeance.

The very same feelings which would have

actuated human beings under similar circumstances influenced these birds. There is conjugal love affected by sudden and violent separation; there is conjugal fidelity in absence; there is sorrow for the loss of one who is loved; there is joy in reunion; there is jealousy at an attempt to steal the affection of a partner; and, finally, there is revenge swiftly taken upon the offender. There also is the power of language, as, without a very definite language of her own, the duck could not have told her partner of a particular drake, and so drawn upon him the vengeance of her husband.

Conjugal love, —fidelity, —sorrow, —joy, —jealousy, —revenge, —and language.

TYRANNY.

Another of the many traits of character which are common to man and the lower animals is tyranny, *i.e.* the oppression of the weak by the strong, whether that strength belong to the body or the mind. In many of the animals, tyranny takes its most obvious form, the strong not only oppressing the weak, but killing and eating

Tyranny and its objects. The stronger kills and eats the weaker.

them, even though they be of the same species. A human cannibal acts just in the same way, eating his enemy after he has killed him.

Tyranny among insects,

As to the milder forms of tyranny, there is scarcely an animal in which it may not be found, and it is manifested quite strongly in the insects. There is a notice in Hardwicke's *Science Gossip*, for October, 1871, of tyranny shown by a tiger-beetle towards its fellows, one insect assaulting another, and driving it away, "much in the same manner as sparrows do, when they have secured some morsel of food which they wish to keep to themselves."

—for the sake of procuring food.

Tyranny in the hermit crab.

In the *Daily News* of November, 1873, there was a brief and amusing account of tyranny as shown by crabs. The writer had been observing the proceedings of the creatures in the Brighton Aquarium.

"It is well worth while to watch the movements and manœuvres of the hermit

crab. He is discerning, has a keen eye to his own convenience, pugnacious when any one comes between him and the object of his desire, and unrelenting in following up his advantage. He contends for some practical and substantial end, pursuing conquest not for the sake of the bare submission of his adversary.

The crabs in the Brighton Aquarium,

—and their character.

"These remarks are induced by our own observation of the amusing habits of this little animal. Some time back, we were, one bright morning, watching the beautiful gleam of the herring, as its scales reflected the sunshine in varied colours, which played into one another, reminding one of a beautiful 'shot' silk dress. Our attention was suddenly attracted by a commotion among the hermit crabs, many of which are in the same tank with the herrings.

The observer at the Aquarium

—sees a commotion among the hermit crabs.

"These crabs, as is generally known, have recourse to the cover of a whelk, or other shell, to protect the abdomen, which is very soft and vulnerable. Suddenly, one

A large one with a small shell,

—chases a little one with a large shell.

of the number, a large specimen, whose adopted dwelling was of somewhat narrow dimensions, gave chase to a small crab which occupied a shell much larger than that of his bigger neighbour. The little one, apparently quite alive to the sinister intentions of his pursuer, took to flight as quickly as possible, and his attempts to escape were continued with the utmost vigour until further effort was hopeless. The way in which he dodged round and behind oysters, and whatever afforded him a temporary cover, was amusing in the extreme.

The smaller crab takes to flight,

—but in spite of its activity,

—is caught.

A pitched battle ensues, the large crab turning the little one out of its shell, and taking it himself.

"At length he was overtaken, and then a regular pitched battle ensued. The little one resisted manfully, but was at length overcome, the more bulky combatant having, after the most strenuous exertions, succeeded in forcing his claws between the body of his weaker opponent and his adopted shell, and with the most frantic exertion turning him out. They then, apparently as a matter of course, exchanged shells, the ousted

tenant yielding submissively to his fate, and quietly adapting himself to his reduced circumstances. In this encounter, from beginning to end, all the qualities we began by enumerating were exemplified in these little creatures—the discernment with which the larger crab fixed upon the shell which exactly suited him, the determination with which he followed up his intention of possessing himself of it, and the pugnacity and perseverance displayed by both in the course of the encounter.

Discernment,

—determination,

—pugnacity,

—and perseverance.

"This was evidently no fight for mere fighting's sake; but the whole proceeding evinced a settled plan, pursued, on the one hand, with the greatest determination, and, on the other hand, met with the most obstinate resistance."

I have often witnessed similar scenes, not only in the Aquarium, but in the rock pools along the coast.

Tyranny is invariably seen among gregarious animals, the herd or flock being

Tyranny in the herd, the flock, and the poultry-yard.

always under the command of one individual, who has fought his way to the front, and who will rule with imperious sway until he becomes old, and in turn is ousted by a younger and more vigorous rival. The same quality is very familiar to us in our poultry-yards, where, no matter how many may be the number of birds, one cock invariably assumes the leadership.

State and conduct of society in the poultry-yard.

As a rule, he takes his honours meekly, but bases his conduct on the old Roman principle, "*Parcere subjectis, sed debellare superbis.*" There are mostly one or two younger cocks, with whom he does not interfere, unless they attempt to dispute his sway, or—most unpardonable offence of all—to win the affections of any of his harem. In such cases, an immediate attack is the result. If he wins (as he generally does, if only by reason of his *prestige*), the state of society remains unaltered. But, if he loses the battle (which mostly means losing his life), the conqueror succeeds to his place, and takes

Feathered imperialism.

Result of a lost battle.

as a matter of right all his possessions, including his harem.

It is curious to trace the analogy between these birds and human beings, especially those of the East, whether at the present day or in the ancient times, as depicted in the Old Testament. Substitute human beings for birds, and the country at large for the poultry-yard, and the resemblance is exact. There are many petty chieftains; but among them is sure to be one more mighty than the rest, who holds his place by superior force, either of intellect or military power. If challenged by one of the inferior chiefs and is victorious, he retains his post; while, if he is vanquished, his conqueror takes his place, his property, and his wives. And it is another curious point that, whether with men or birds, the members of the harem seem to trouble themselves very little about the change of master.

Analogy between birds and man.

Society as constituted in the East.

Petty chieftains,

—and one monarch, who holds his throne by might.

If beaten in battle, the victor succeeds to his throne and property.

The Scriptures are full of allusions to the invariable custom that the conqueror takes

Scriptural allusions to this custom.

the possession of the harem belonging to the vanquished. David did so with regard to the women of Saul's household. "I anointed thee king over Israel, and I delivered thee out of the hand of Saul. And I gave thee thy master's house, and thy master's wives into thy bosom" (2 Sam. xii. 8). So, when Nabal died after his defiance of David, the latter, as a matter of course, took possession of Nabal's wife, together with the rest of his property. Similarly, as had been foretold by the prophet Nathan, when Absalom rebelled against David, he publicly took possession of his father's harem as a sign that he had assumed the kingdom.

David and Saul's household.

David and Abigail.

Absalom's rebellion.

To those unacquainted with Oriental customs, it seems strange and cruel that when Adonijah asked Bathsheba to persuade her son Solomon to give him Abishag as a wife, he should be at once put to death. But, as explained by those customs, he had for the second time committed high treason. He was Solomon's elder brother, and had

Adonijah's repeated treason,

already made an attempt to gain the throne. He had failed, and had been pardoned on condition of future good conduct. But his demand for the hand of Abishag, who had belonged to David's harem, was considered equivalent to a second rebellion; and so he and his principal supporters, Joab and Abiathar, met with instant punishment, the former with loss of life, and the latter with deprivation and banishment.

—shown by his demand for the hand of Abishag,

—and punished by death.

The whole scene is worthy of notice. Bathsheba visits her son in full court, and prefers her request. Solomon, who treated her with the greatest respect as the king's mother, instantly treats Adonijah's demand as an overt act of high treason. "And King Solomon answered and said unto his mother, And why dost thou ask Abishag the Shunammite for Adonijah? Ask for him the kingdom also, for he is mine elder brother; even for him and for Abiathar the priest, and for Joab the son of Zeruiah."

Scene at the Oriental court.

The king's mother makes the fatal request:

—the nature of which is at once detected.

Now Solomon was a man remarkable

Though a merciful man,

for his mercy in an unmerciful time and among a ruthless race. He was probably the only Oriental monarch who would not have secured himself on the throne by putting to death all his brethren—a custom which prevails to the present day. Yet he not only spared Adonijah's life, but forgave him after actual rebellion. This second offence was, however, unpardonable, the demand of David's wife being tantamount to a claim on David's throne, and therefore he paid the penalty with his life, as being a dangerous man who could not be trusted. Beside these instances, there are many other allusions to the custom scattered through the Scriptures.

—Solomon could not forgive this offence,

—which was against the throne itself.

Closeness of the parallel between man and beast.

The closeness of the parallel between man and beast is most remarkable. In both there is a single despotic ruler who allows no rival; and in both an attempt to gain the affections of one of the harem is considered tantamount to a challenge for sovereignty, and treated accordingly.

Sometimes a very curious sort of tyranny is shown where a number of creatures are confined in the same place. Mr. Bennett has some remarks on this subject in connection with the Mandarin ducks which have already been mentioned under the head of Jealousy. Tyranny among the Mandarin ducks.

Speaking of the feeding-time in the aviary, he says, "It is at this time that we can also observe the querulous disposition of these animals. The males of one and the same kind of a different species endeavour to grasp all the supplies for themselves, unmindful of the wants of others, and will not even permit their companions to perform their ablutions without molestation, although they may have themselves completed what they required. Greediness, —avarice, —and malice.

"I often observed the Mandarin ducks excite the drakes to attack other males or females of the same species, as well as any other kind of bird (not too powerful) in the aviary, against whom the lady may have taken a dislike from some cause or causes The female influence

—exerted for evil.

unknown to us. There always appear to be one pair who exercise a tyranny over the others, not permitting them to wash, eat, or drink, unless at the pleasure of these little aristocrats."

A spoiled dog and his tyranny.

But, of all tyrants, commend me to a spoiled dog, who is even worse than a spoiled child. Obedience is a thing unknown to him. If he is wanted to go out for a walk and prefers to stay at home, he stays at home, and his master goes out alone. If he wants to go for a walk, he makes his master go with him, and take the directions which he prefers. Perhaps a better example of tyranny has never been given than Dr. J. Brown's history of the Skye terrier "Duchie." The little animal so completely domineered over her mistress that the latter could not even choose her own dinner, but was obliged to have whatever Duchie preferred, and was once kept out of bed for half a winter's night because Duchie had got into the middle and declined to move.

"Duchie" and her mistress, or,

—rather, her slave.

CHAPTER XII.

CONSCIENCE.

Definition of Conscience.—Its Exercise by the lower Animals, and comparison with the Conscience of Man.—Sense of Moral Responsibility in the Dog.—The Butcher's Dog, his Master, and the old Woman's Money.—Parallel between Dog-Servants and Human Servants.—Voluntary Responsibility.—"Vic" and the Croquet-hoops.—Zeal outrunning Discretion.—The Robber in Custody of "Help."—Dog Cooks and Nursemaids.—"Offy" saving the Servant's Life.—Duty paramount.—"Bree's" fearful Leap.—Mistaken Ideas of Duty.—Church-going Dogs.—"Apollo's" Leap.—"Boxer's" notion of Duty.—Epigram from "Salmagundi."—Sin and Penitence.—Suicide or Sorrow.—A Dog's Grave.—A Dog's sense of Wrong-doing.—Guardianship.—The Cat and the Butcher.—"Ungka's" Theft and Restitution.—"Tokla," the Hunting-dog, and the Sheep.

Definition of conscience.

TO those who have never studied the ways of the lower animals, it may seem strange to assert that they, as well as ourselves, possess conscience, *i.e.* a sense of moral responsibility, and a capability of dis-

tinguishing between right and wrong. It is necessarily developed strongest in those animals which are placed under the rule of man, and especially in those which, like the dog, belong to his household, and are made his companions. Conscience, in their dealings with man, is their religion, and they often exercise it in a way which would put many a human being to shame.

Conscience the religion of animals.

It is this feeling which induces the dog to make itself the guardian of its master's property, and often to defend that property at the risk of its life. For example, if a dog be placed in charge of its master's dinner, the faithful animal will never touch a morsel of food, however hungry it may be. Nay, a dog would rather, as an ordinary rule, die of starvation than eat the food which belonged to his master. We often see field-labourers working at one end of a large field, while their spare clothes and their dinner are at the other end, guarded by a dog. They are quite easy about the safety of their property, knowing full well

Conscience makes the dog the guardian of its master's property,

—which he will not desert though he starve.

Field-labourers and their dogs.

that the dog will not allow any one to touch either the clothes or the provisions.

Moral responsibility in a dog.

A still stronger instance of the sense of moral responsibility in a dog has just come before me.

A poor woman comes into possession of a large sum of money,

A poor woman, who lived in an unprotected part of Scotland, became unexpectedly possessed of a large sum of money, with which property she was as much troubled as "Captain Jack" with the money which he dared not spend, was afraid to show, and could not carry about him for lack of pockets. She would have taken it to the bank, but could not leave the house.

—with which she is perplexed.

She asks the advice of a butcher,

At last she asked the advice of a butcher of her acquaintance, telling him that she was afraid to live alone in the house with such a sum of money.

—who lends her his dog.

"Never fear," said the butcher; "I will leave my dog with you, and I'll warrant you that no one will dare to enter your house." So, towards evening, the dog was

brought, and chained up close to the place where the money was kept.

He attempts to rob the widow,

In the course of the night a robber made his way into the house, and was proceeding to carry off the money, when he

—but is seized and detained by his own dog,

was seized by the dog, who held him a prisoner until assistance came. The thief was the butcher himself, who thought that he had made sure of the money. He had

—who is a better moralist than his master.

not considered that his dog was a better moralist than himself, and, instead of betraying a defenceless woman, would even take her part against his own master.

The woman kindly pardoned the intending robber; and I hope that for the future he took a lesson from his own dog, and amended the evil of his ways.

Limits to conscience,

A rather notable instance is now before me, where the capacity of conscience, as it is manifested in the lower animals, is very well shown. There is a retriever belonging to a Scotch lawyer, who was a very conscientious animal in his way; that is to

say, as far as his intellect would carry him, he was absolutely conscientious; but, unfortunately, there was a limit beyond which conscience could not assert herself. —and modes of evading it.

For example, no matter how hungry he might be, the dog might be safely left in a room where the dainties which he best loved were left unguarded: not a morsel of food would he touch. But he did not offer any objection to the cat when *she* stole the food from the table; neither did he display any scruples in sharing with her the product of her theft. A retriever would not steal food, —but, he would allow the cat to do so, and then share the spoil.

Neither was he conscientious enough to submit passively to imprisonment when his master wished to dispense with his company: he had a knack of gnawing cords asunder, forcing shutters and opening doors, which showed to a certainty that the animal was actuated in such matters by reason, and not at all by instinct. He could always escape when he wished to join his master, —and showed his reason to be superior to his instinct.

This faithful animal was killed suddenly by a railway train. His master writes of him as follows:—"He was the most honest Letter from his master,

animal I ever knew, and I only wish that we could get servants as honest. Upon the whole, I think that he was a much more exemplary character than many men and women whom I have known, and I should be very happy to meet him again in some other sphere. I would rather hunt with him on a planetoid, or a ring of Saturn, than spend my time in the narrow heaven which some zealots would arrogate to themselves and their small sect, if they could. He certainly had much more charity than they."

—who hopes to meet him in a future life,

—and thinks him a better moral character than most men.

The dog often assumes guardship without being ordered.

Not only does the dog guard the property which is entrusted to its charge, but it often goes a little further and assumes a charge on its own account.

"Vic," the bull-terrier,

—constitutes herself guardian of the croquet lawn,

I was lately staying with a friend in the country, and became on very excellent terms with his little bull-terrier, named "Vic." On the second day after my arrival a croquet match was arranged, and I was asked to change the position of the hoops, so as to suit the latest development of the game. Accordingly, I went to the

lawn, followed by Vic, who took no particular notice, but lounged about the lawn with no apparent object.

Presently my friend joined me. "Do you know," said he, "why Vic is loafing about here?" —watches strangers,

"No, except that she prefers the garden to the house."

"Not a bit of it. She has come to see that you do not take away anything out of the garden; and so I came to warn you not to take a hoop or a peg off the lawn." —and keeps an eye to the hoops and pegs.

It appeared that she always acted in the same manner towards people whom she did not know intimately, although, after a time, she had confidence and let them alone. In point of fact, after two or three days had elapsed, Vic never troubled herself about me. She is only suspicious of strangers.

On one occasion her fidelity took an unpleasant form. Her master had lent his chaise to a friend, who was driving it, and came to a hill. He dismounted, and was stooping to put on the skid, when Vic flew Mistaken fidelity.

at him, having an idea in her head that he was going off with the wheel. One of the oddest points in Vic's conduct is that, as if out of a sense of politeness, she does not make her watch an ostentatious one, but merely keeps in view the object which she is guarding, and the person of whom she is suspicious.

Innate politeness.

Creditable conduct in a dog.

In the cases which I have mentioned, Vic was entirely wrong in her surmises. A remarkable instance, however, has reached me, where the dog was right, and acted in a way that would have been creditable to any human being.

"Help" is put in charge of a wood-yard,

"Of 'Help,' a Newfoundland dog, several stories are told, and there was one especially which showed that his sense of responsibility overcame that of friendship.

—from which much wood had been stolen.

His master owned a wood-yard, from which there had been a constant series of mysterious thefts. At last the dog was put into the yard for the night, in hopes that he might scare away the thief.

"Next morning, Help was found guard-

ing one of the men belonging to the premises, who had a bundle of wood upon him. The man was aware that the dog knew him perfectly well, and had presumed on the animal's forbearance. Help, however, assumed so fierce an aspect that even the certainty of detection did not give him courage to oppose the faithful creature, nor even to get rid of his compromising load."

He arrests and guards the thief, who was a servant of the yard,

—and delivers him over to justice.

Dr. J. Brown relates a similar anecdote of "Rab." He flew at the throat of a man who tried to rob his master, pulled him down, and remained in charge of the fallen man while his master went on his journey. After a while he was seen coming alone to rejoin his master. It appeared that the robber was a neighbour whom the dog knew, and so, giving him a thorough fright, he let him off, after subjecting him to very humiliating treatment.

"Rab" pulls down the robber,

—guards him,

—and humiliates him.

It is well known that in India the elephant is sometimes taught to take charge of children, especially if they happen to belong to his driver; but the dog appears to

Elephant nurses.

be even a more curious nurse than the elephant. The dog Help, however, who took prisoner the midnight robber, was accustomed to act as nurse, and performed the task as well as any elephant could have done, and indeed better than some nursemaids do.

"Help" acting as assistant-nurse.

"At times Help could take the place of the nursemaid, and was often entrusted with the entire charge of a little girl, only old enough to crawl on the floor. As long as she amused herself safely, Help looked on with quiet dignity; but whenever she moved towards the fire, or in any direction that seemed dangerous, he put his great paw upon her, and turned her another way."

He was often left in charge of a child,

—and kept her out of danger.

One of my friends has written to say that she knows a dog in Berkshire who acts on the same principle as Help, though, on account of his small size, he cannot do without human assistance. When the cook puts a saucepan on the fire, she sets the dog to watch it, and can go about other business in perfect security, knowing that, if the

A dog acts as assistant cook,

—watches the saucepan, and calls the cook if it boils over.

saucepan should boil over, he will call her. He is also put in charge of the cradle; and if the child should wake up, goes and fetches the nursemaid. In these cases, besides the sense of responsibility, there is much reasoning power, and a capability of understanding human language. And it must be noticed that the dog last mentioned never fetches the cook to the cradle, nor the nurse to the saucepan.

He also looks after the baby, and fetches the nurse if it cries.

Reason and language.

A somewhat similar case is related by a lady whom I have known for some years.

"One of my earliest recollections is of a fat, black, curly-haired old dog, called 'Offy.' This was an abbreviation of orphan, his mother having died immediately after his birth, and his father being unknown. Offy was the delight of our hearts, the kindest, gentlest, and most attached of dogs. At night he always lay at the top of the stairs leading to the nursery, so that no one could enter without his permission.

"Offy" takes charge of the nursery,

—and guards it by night.

"Once, when we were at the seaside,

The nurse is seized with rheumatic fever, and left in a chair.

my nurse had a rheumatic fever, and was quite helpless. By chance one day she was left alone, propped up with pillows in a large arm-chair near the fire. Suddenly the house resounded with Offy's barks. One maid was out walking with us, and the other was busy getting dinner in the kitchen, when Offy's barks attracted her notice. Running up-stairs, she was met by the dog, who ran down to meet her, caught her by her dress, pulled her up the stairs, and there, lying on the floor, with her head and arm on the fender, lay the poor nurse, unable to move. Without the dog, she must have been burned to death."

Suddenly, Offy fetches a servant, drags her by the dress,

—and shows her the nurse, who has fallen out of the chair.

Here we have a variety of qualities which certainly do not belong to the mortal part of a living being, whether man or beast. First, there is sympathy with suffering. Then there is reason, telling the animal that the fallen woman was in danger, and could not help herself. Reason also told the dog that he was incapable of helping her himself, and that he must summon some

Sympathy,

—reason,

one who had the power. He then had recourse to his own language, which he knew would be understood, and called for help as intelligibly as if he had spoken human words.

—and language.

Sometimes conscience assumes the form of moral responsibility, the animal being determined, at any risk, to perform the task which is allotted to it. A gentleman, to whom I am indebted for many original anecdotes about various animals, has sent me the following account of determination to fulfil a duty.

Sense of duty in animals.

"Bree," an English water-spaniel belonging to me, was bred from two London prize dogs of that class.

"Bree," the water-spaniel,

"A few years ago, his former master went to St. Abb's Head for shooting. At the 'Staples Heugh' he winged a duck. The bird, in agony, rolled over the precipice; while poor Bree ran with such impetuosity, that he jumped over into the sea, a height exceeding one hundred feet, and fell into some forty feet of water.

—chases a duck,

—and leaps over a precipice into the sea.

He continues his chase,

"When he came to the surface, there was no place near where he could land, and, seeing the duck rounding the 'West-hare-cars,' he struck out, and, after following it past the 'Skelly,' the 'Ramfands,' the 'Goose-cruives,' &c., overtook it at the 'Clawfords,' in 'Hare-law-cove Bay.'

—catches the bird,

Grasping the duck in his mouth, he proceeded with it up 'Eel-car-brae,' one of the most difficult passes on St. Abb's Head,

—and brings it to his master,

and, on reaching his master, laid the bird at his feet."

—after a swim of a mile.

The distance which the dog swam is somewhere about a mile. The lady, through whom this anecdote was sent to me, writes as follows:—"As to the story of St. Abb's Head, you would require to see it before you could appreciate what a dreadful leap the dog had taken." I possess photographs of Bree, his master, and St. Abb's Head.

St. Abb's or Ebba's Head.

The latter word, by-the-bye, is an abbreviation of Ebba, the remains of whose convent are still to be traced, close to the head itself. "Staples" is a corruption of "steeples," a

word derived from some rocks that stand steeplewise in the sea.

The fall must have been a tremendous one, and how the dog escaped instant death is more than I can imagine. The shock must have been a very severe one, and the animal would have been quite justified in coming ashore at once. But he knew that his duty was to catch the duck, and he did so. That he did receive a very great shock is evident from the fact that, although a retriever, and by nature a good water-dog, he has since this adventure contracted such a horror of the sea, that he can scarcely be induced to enter it.

Height of the precipice.

He does his duty,

—in spite of the shock,

—but fears the sea ever afterwards.

Sometimes the dog takes up a wrong idea of duty, but perseveres in it, notwithstanding all obstacles. In the two following instances, the dog considered that his duty lay in accompanying his master, and set himself to discover some plan of overcoming obstacles.

A wrong sense of duty.

"A friend of ours, a clergyman in one of those rural Welsh villages whose name

A spaniel in a Welsh rectory,

we find some difficulty in writing, and still more in pronouncing, had a spaniel, sent from a friend in England to the rectory of C. I forget now the correct spelling, but no matter.

—thinks that his duty calls him to church,

"Soon after his arrival, the dog proved himself a most determined church-goer. The first attempt took the family quite by surprise. They knew not he had accompanied them, until they had taken their seats; so they very wisely pushed him underneath,

—and remains quietly during the service.

where he remained during the service, one of the quietest members of his master's congregation. The next Sunday, when the church bells commenced, the dog was shut in the library; but, soon after the service

He escapes through the window,

had begun, he jumped through the window, pushed open the church-door, walked with all proper demureness to his own pew, and resumed his former position under the seat, where he was again allowed to remain. On the third Sunday, the dog's movements were more vigilantly watched. Directly the bells *began*, he started off full trot to the

church, once more occupied his old corner, defied alike the threats and persuasions of the servant to remove him, and, on the arrival of the family, welcomed them triumphantly. —and anticipates the congregation.

"One more last attempt was made on the succeeding Sunday to keep him away, which was only a partial success. Early in the morning, he was shut in a shed, from which he could find no egress; but, directly the bells began, he struck up a loud howling accompaniment, which he continued during the whole of church-time, and, as the church was close to the rectory, he could be heard at intervals during the service, of course disturbing the risible powers of the junior members of the congregation, so that nothing remained but to send him back to his former master in England." Being fastened in a shed, —he cries pitifully during the whole service, —and disturbs the congregation.

The dog in question ought to have learned by heart an epigram in a curious and very scarce quarto book, called "Salmagundi." It was published in 1791, and I have a copy, which was presented by the author to my grandfather. It is, in its way, as "Salmagundi."

interesting as are Gilray's political caricatures, comprising, as it does, the famous "Wilkes and Liberty" times, and abounding with witty little *jeux d'esprit* in Latin and English. Here is the epigram which has been mentioned:—

ON A FAVOURITE DOG WHO REGULARLY ACCOMPANIED HIS MISTRESS TO CHURCH.

Epigram on a church-going dog.

"'Tis held by folks of deep research,
He's a good dog who goes to church;
As good I hold him every wit,
Who stays at home and turns the spit;
For though good dogs to church may go,
Yet going there don't make them so."

My dogs are left outside the church,

A somewhat similar instance occurred to myself. I was making some arrangements in the church, and had left my dogs outside, thinking that they would amuse themselves by swimming in a neighbouring pond, as they were accustomed to do. I had, however, not been in the building for many minutes when a scratching, scrambling sound was heard, followed by a heavy thump, and up came my bull-dog "Apollo," looking delighted to see me.

—but "Apollo" makes his way in.

I put him out at the door, but could not imagine how he had made his entrance. Presently there was another scratching, and I saw Apollo's head at a little window which had been left open for ventilation. He contrived, in some curious manner, to hold on by his fore paws until he scrambled his hind legs upon the sill, and then forced himself through an aperture so small that he could not jump, but had to let himself fall. The window is at a considerable height from the ground; and, as a rather wide trench runs round the building, Apollo had to make a tremendous leap to reach the window-sill. He had evidently failed several times, the scratches on the old wall showing where he had slid down. He always was a fine jumper, but this window must have tested his leaping powers to the utmost.

He is ejected,

—but presently appears at a window,

—at some height from the ground,

—which he had reached by a tremendous leap.

Sometimes we see in mankind an instance of good-hearted blundering, wrong-headed honesty; and much the same mixture of characteristics is to be found in the dog.

Blundering honesty

—in the terrier "Boxer."

There was a brilliant black-and-tan terrier, named "Boxer," belonging to a Mr. B., who was then in India, and about to proceed on the welcome journey home. Boxer had one prevailing idea in his doggish mind, namely, that he had perpetually to take care of some one or something. He watched his master's property with the utmost fidelity. Once, after the return of the family to Scotland, a couple of Irish beggars came by, and were given a good meal, the empty dish to be left outside the house. When they had finished, the woman, seeing that the cook was not in the kitchen, slipped in and stole a loaf of bread. She had not calculated on Boxer, who was out in a moment, caught the woman by the bare ankle, and there held her until his master came himself to take charge of the thief.

He is a watchful guardian of his master's property.

An Irish beggar steals a loaf,

—and is captured by Boxer.

Had the dog restricted himself to such guardianship, he would have been a most excellent guardian; but, unfortunately, he was possessed with a rooted idea that every one who approached his mistress meant to

He guards his mistress,

hurt her, and must therefore be assaulted. When she was ill, and lying on a couch, he used to sit by her side, and was so careful in his watch, that he would not allow even her husband to approach without seizing him. He did not hurt his master, though he bit his ankle a hundred times, by way of reminding him that his mistress was not to be disturbed.

—and will not even allow her husband to approach her.

In one way he was really useful, especially during the residence of the family in India. During her illness, his mistress had a very great antipathy to centipedes, cockroaches, and other creeping things, of which there is ample store in that country. Boxer somehow found out that they were obnoxious to his mistress, and used to keep a sharp look-out for them, if they approached her. Sometimes, if he were not at hand, and he heard a scream, he would dash off to his mistress, look about for the cause of her annoyance, and straightway demolish it.

He discovers that she dislikes cockroaches, &c.,

—keeps them from her,

—or kills them.

In his anxiety to do his duty by his

His zeal outruns his discretion.

mistress, Boxer sometimes allowed his zeal to outrun his discretion.

The man at the wheel

Once, during the voyage, the ship was becalmed in the tropics, so that the man at the wheel had a sinecure. Mrs. B. was lying in the cabin at the time. The

—picks up a needle,

man, seeing a needle lying just outside the door of the cabin, went and picked it up,

—and is pinned by Boxer,

and was instantly pinned by Boxer, who chose to think that he was stealing the property of his mistress. He did not hurt the man, but frightened him so much that he holloaed loud enough to alarm all the

—who does not release him until he replaces the needle.

inmates of the ship. Among others, Mrs. B. ran out to see what was the matter, and advised the man to put the needle down again. This he did, when Boxer at once released him.

He behaved in a somewhat similar manner when the ship arrived in the Cove of Cork, though, in this instance, with more show

While the biscuits are being cleaned

of right. The stores of biscuit had been got up on the main-deck, for the purpose of ridding them of the cockroaches, weevils,

and other unpleasant creatures that are apt to infest provisions. A number of Irishmen came on board with milk, eggs, &c., for sale, and one of them, thinking no harm, began to eat a biscuit. Boxer, however, considered himself the guardian of the ship's stores, flew at the man, and drove him away.

—an Irishman eats one,

—and is driven away by Boxer.

When home was reached, he took, in his wrong-headed way, a violent antipathy to the clergyman. Perhaps he objected to a black dress, after being accustomed to the light costumes of India. At all events, he could not endure the gentleman, and always seemed to know instinctively whenever he was approaching the house. On these occasions, it was necessary to shut him up; and even then he used to tear and scratch at the door so furiously, that he greatly damaged it. The oddest part of the proceeding was that, as soon as the gentleman was in the room with his master and mistress, Boxer did not trouble himself about him.

He takes an objection to the clergyman,

—and has to be kept out of his sight,

—until the clergyman is in the room with his master.

This queer, faithful, blundering dog lived for nearly twenty years in the family.

Recognition of having offended.

A very common form of conscience among the lower animals is that which may be defined as a recognition of having done wrong, and an acknowledgment that punishment is deserved. It is exactly the same feeling which induced Adam to hide himself after he had fallen into sin.

Ideas of right and wrong.

Animals have in their way very decided ideas as to right and wrong; and when they have committed an act which they know will offend their master, they display

Conscience and Penitence.

as keen a conscience as could be exhibited by any human being self-convicted of a sin; and, in many cases, the offence is acknowledged, and the creature remains miserable until pardon has been granted. This we call in ourselves penitence.

Two examples of this phase of conscience are here given. As to the first, I was in doubt whether to place it under the head of Reasoning, Language, or Love of Owner.

But, as it illustrates the power of conscience in the lower animals, I have placed it under the present head, without, however, removing the passages relating to the other qualities.

Many qualities illustrated by a dog.

"*Reasoning* powers are certainly exercised by dogs; how would they otherwise know when Sunday came round? Our large dog 'Bran,' a cross between a retriever and a deerhound, never thinks of following us to church, though he regularly comes in on Sunday afternoon, in expectation of the walk which he knows his young masters take between the services; and on week-days he will even run up-stairs if he hears us moving about the bedrooms, which he in some way connects with walking out. He looks so intelligent that it is difficult to believe he does not understand conversations, and we talk to him often as if he were a human being. He is very good-tempered, and particularly so with cats and children. When we were at Worthing, two years ago, a large white cat belonging

How do dogs know Sunday?

"Bran" never accompanies his master on Sunday until the afternoon.

He evidently understands human language,

to the house constantly shared his bed; and on more than one occasion the cat, dog, and the little grandchild of our landlady were found curled up together!

—and is fond of children and cats.

"Whenever he did wrong as a young dog, we found the greatest punishment was to take no notice of him, and refuse his offered paw. On one occasion, I remember, he ran off, and was missing all day. When he came back, he was shut up in his sleeping-place, after we had shaken our heads at him and turned away. Although he must have been very hungry, he would not touch his food, but sat close to the door, whining and crying, till we made it up with him by telling him he was forgiven, and taking his offered paw, when he ate his supper and went quietly to bed. His love for us is unbounded, and he almost overwhelms us sometimes by his affectionate embraces, especially if we have been away, when he almost *talks* in his joy at seeing us again."

Punished by being ignored.

Being rebuked for an offence,

—he will not eat,

—but cries for forgiveness.

His love for his masters.

A lady has sent me a short account of the behaviour of another dog, which clearly shows that the animal possesses the attribute of conscience. The little animal has been taught many tricks, among which is the accomplishment of shaking hands. This he will seldom condescend to do without much coaxing. But, if he has done anything wrong, he comes up, looking very much ashamed of himself, and voluntarily offers his paw.

The accomplishment taught to a dog —is voluntarily exercised when he feels himself to have done wrong.

I may here refer to the dog "Help," who went sheep-killing while his master thought that he was chained up at home. It was a clear case of conscience, though not accompanied by penitence. He knew that he was acting wrongly, and that his master would be offended, and therefore endeavoured to avoid punishment by destroying the evidence of his crime.

"Help" showed his conscience by destroying the evidence of his crime.

How painfully keen can be the sense of conscience in the dog, is shown by the following account, which is written by a

A keen conscience.

brother clergyman well known in the literary world.

A Newfoundland dog

"A Newfoundland dog of great age, but still the gentle, good-tempered friend of his master's children, lay one morning sound asleep. One of his playfellows, wishing that he should accompany their walk, gave him a kick. The poor dog, suddenly awakened, seized sharply the little girl's leg, but without really hurting her. The nurse thereupon scolded him, pretended to beat him with a pocket handkerchief, and, when he wanted to go with them, shut the door in his face.

—hastily bites a child,

—and is reprimanded.

He takes the reproof to heart,

"One of the men, soon afterwards, found him lying with his head in a ditch, dragged him out, and brought him to the stables, where he lay, refusing to eat or drink. Ere long, he was again found at the same ditch, dead. Whether, in remorse and despair of forgiveness, he had successfully repeated an attempt at suicide, or whether he had lain down there to die of a broken heart, I do not know."

—and is found dead in a ditch.

One or the other was evidently the case, and, whether it were suicide or sorrow, conscience was the real cause of death. Conscience the cause of death.

The same writer proceeds to say:—"You also asked for the epitaph on *our* poor little friend's grave. It is as follows:—

"'COLL"

'FAITHFUL, LOVING, GENTLE, WISE,
BY HIS UNTIMELY DEATH
MADE EMPTY NO SMALL SPACE
IN OUR HOME AND HEART. Epitaph on a dog.

'Alas! too soon, dear loving friend,
Our close companionship doth end;
Yet sense of Right, heart true and fond,
Must have, methinks, some glad *BEYOND.*'

"Poor H.! it was her first great grief, and yet lives. A cousin spoke lightly of it, as she stood by it the other day in her garden.

"'Please come away, G.,' said H., 'and don't let us speak about it. Something has been left out in your composition; *you* cannot understand.'" A missing quality.

With regard to the supposition that the former of these dogs committed suicide,

it is not so groundless as might be supposed. Dogs certainly know that water will drown other beings, or they would not take the trouble of rescuing them; and it is therefore but natural to infer that they are aware that the same element will drown themselves.

Animals commit suicide.

There is more than one instance known of a dog deliberately drowning itself; and the instance which has just been narrated looks very much as if the same course had been adopted.

Moral responsibility in a cat.

The following little story is one of Lady E.'s anecdotes, and shows how not only dogs, but cats, can possess a sense of moral responsibility.

he cat "Rosy"

"I trust the following anecdote of my cat 'Rosy' may be found interesting.

"You know that she was given to me when quite a kitten, and she is now nearly fourteen years old. She has always had a great aversion to dogs, and, no matter what their size might be, she would drive them away if they came on our premises.

"Whenever the servants left the kitchen, she would sit near the door, and, if a stranger approached, growled like a dog. One day the cook had left the cat alone, and the butcher's boy came for orders as usual. Receiving no reply, he opened the door and walked inside. Perceiving him to be a stranger, Rosy, to his surprise, flew at him, and held him tightly till the cook returned. Instead of being angry at the attack, the lad admired her bravery, said she was as good as a house-dog, and often rewarded her with meat from their shop."

—watches the kitchen,

—and arrests the butcher's boy.

In Bennett's "Wanderings in New South Wales," the Siamang ape, "Ungka," is mentioned as possessing the sense of moral responsibility, though the mode in which it was manifested was rather of the ludicrous than the lofty kind.

"Ungka" again.

"One instance of a very close approximation to, if it may not be considered absolutely, an exercise of the reasoning faculty, occurred in this animal.

He is rebuked for playing with the soap,

"Once or twice I lectured him for taking away my soap continually from the washing-place, which he would remove for his amusement from that place, and leave it about the cabin. One morning I was

—but cannot resist the temptation,

writing, the ape being present in the cabin, when, casting my eyes towards him, I saw the little fellow taking the soap. I watched him, without his perceiving that I did so; and he would occasionally cast a furtive glance towards the place where I sat. I pretended to write; he, seeing me busily

—and again takes it.

occupied, took the soap, and moved away with it in his paws. When he had walked half the length of the cabin, I spoke quietly,

Finding himself detected,

without frightening him. The instant he found I saw him, he walked back again,

—he replaces it,

and deposited the soap nearly in the same place from which he had taken it.

—thus showing reason and conscience.

"There was certainly something more than instinct in that action. He evidently betrayed a conscience of having done wrong, both by his first and last actions; and what is reason, if that is not an exercise of it?"

I know a little child, not two years old, whose favourite amusement is to get at a box full of Windsor soap, and disperse the cakes all over the room, in all sorts of places. She is not allowed to do so without permission; and, more than once, when she has been detected in doing so, she has acted exactly as Ungka did, *i.e.* replaced the soap, and tried to look as if she had not touched it. In both cases the process of reasoning is identical; and so is the sense of conscience, or moral responsibility.

A child acts —exactly as the ape did.

A curious example of the power of conscience is related by Mr. Mansfield Parkyns, in his well-known work on Abyssinia. He had a semi-tamed hunting-dog (one of the wild animals of the country), and was much interested in the habits of the animal, which he named "Tokla."

Mr. M. Parkyns' story —of his dog "Tokla."

"Once I remember being attracted into the yard by a bustling noise as of animals running about, intermixed with my pet's shrill, squeaking voice. On going out,

He is aroused by a tumult in the yard,

—but only sees an excited sheep,

nothing was apparent but a sheep lately bought for dinner, which, however, was running about with every appearance of nervousness. There was Tokla, whose voice I had just heard uttering notes of unusual excitement, lying quietly in a corner, shamming sleep, but peeping at me from a corner of one of his little wicked black eyes.

—and Tokla lying very quiet.

His master watches him,

"I said nothing, but concealed myself in a shed, through the branches that formed the sides of which I could observe all that passed. For a short time the little brute lay motionless in the same position as I had left him. After awhile, however, he got up stealthily, stretching himself as if just awake, but at the same taking a furtive glance to see that all was quiet. Having satisfied himself on this point, he made a rush at the poor sheep, with his ears back, and squeaking horribly. The sheep ran away when it could, only standing and butting at its little opponent when driven into a corner, and evidently in a desperate fright.

—and sees him stealthily rise,

—and then rush at the sheep,

—which is horribly frightened

"Tokla seemed to heed little whether hoof or horns met his advances, but kept on, now rushing furiously in, now dodging for a more favourable opening, incessantly for half an hour. I doubt not, though scarcely six pounds weight, he would have ended by walking into the mutton of his adversary, had I not felt compassion for the poor sheep's sufferings, and disturbed my little friend in his pursuit. Indeed, I could not have allowed him to indulge his sporting propensities so long as he did, except as a study of his natural ideas, manners, and customs."

He chases the sheep for nearly half an hour,

—and would probably have killed it,

—had not he been disturbed.

Here is a distinct case of conscience, and of cheating in order to conceal his delinquency. He was perfectly aware that he was doing wrong in attacking the sheep, and so feigned to be sleeping when his master came on the scene. This is the more curious, because Tokla was not one of the domestic dogs, but a predacious animal which had only been recently and partially tamed.

He knew that he was doing wrong,

—and so pretended to be asleep when his master appeared.

Remorse in animals.

Almost every one who has possessed pet animals must have noticed how often they exhibit remorse, *i.e.* a keen sense of having done wrong, their conscience having convicted them of their misconduct, and their whole demeanour showing that they are sensible of their fault.

A stag-hound named "Gwynne"

Here is an example:—A Mr. B. had a magnificent staghound, named "Gwynne." The dog had one fault. He was not fond of children, and therefore was given away, as unsuitable for his owner's house.

—is sent to a farm-house,

His new master lived in Sutherlandshire, and sent the dog to one of his farthest farms, where he was taken in charge by the shepherd's wife. One morning, after the woman had made the porridge for breakfast,

—and eats the morning porridge.

she went out of the house, and on returning met the dog, who had evidently been eating the porridge. With an expression of anger

Being scolded, he leaves the house and is seen no more,

she struck him on the head, whereupon Gwynne left the place, and was never seen again, though advertisements and liberal offers of reward were issued.

This, however, is not all. Several times previously he had been given away, and had always made his way back to his old master; but this time he did not do so, evidently because he felt himself rightfully in disgrace for bad conduct, and he did not dare to show himself in his master's presence. —evidently feeling remorse at his conduct.

CHAPTER XIII.

SYMPATHY AND FRIENDSHIP.

Love and its various Phases of Development. — Sympathy between Animals of the same Species.—Dr. J. Brown's story of "Nipper" and the destitute Pointer.—Protection of the Weak.—"Pizarro" and the Terrier.—"Mungo" and his big Friend.—The ludicrous side of Sympathy.—Church Bells and their Effects.—Cats and their Comrades.—Division of Labour.—Sympathy in the Weasel.—Sympathy between Animals of different Species. — Several anecdotes of Dogs and Cats.—The Dog and the persecuted Cock.—Dog feeding Kids.—Cat-sympathy.—The Grandmother, the Daughter, and the dead Grandchild. — A generous Redbreast.—Animals sympathizing with Man.—Story of "Nelly" and her Mistress. — Nelly's Death and last Request.—"Prettina's" Sympathy with a Sufferer. —"Flo," the Family Consoler. — Friendship defined.—"Pincher" and the quarrelsome Sheep-dog.—Friendship between Cats.—The story of "Dick" and "Kate."—Kittens and Dog.—Friendship between Cows and a Sheep; Cats and Horses.—Friendship between a Horse, a Cat, and a lame Chicken.—Friendship between a Cat and Ducks.—Friendship between a Dog and Ducks; Java Sparrows and Doves; a Monkey and a Hen.

Various developments of love.

WE are now approaching the loftiest characteristic which adorns humanity, namely, Love, and are about to inquire how far it is shared by the lower animals. It

has many phases of development, the first of which is sympathy, *i.e.* the capacity of feeling for the sufferings of another. I shall show that many and perhaps all living creatures possess the capacity of sympathy, and that in numerous cases it is not restricted to their own species, but is extended to those beings which appear to have very little in common with each other.

Sympathy and friendship.

Usually, however, sympathy is exhibited between animals of the same species, and is often seen in the dog. Such, for example, is the well-known instance where one dog was seen supporting the broken leg of another. Also the fact that a dog, which has been cured of some injury, will take a fellow-sufferer to his benefactor—an example of which I knew personally. I need hardly observe that such sympathy could not be carried out unless the animals possessed a language sufficiently defined to transmit ideas from one to the other.

Sympathy among dogs towards each other.

Help offered to an injured companion.

I will begin with a few instances of sympathy between animals of the same species,

Dr. J. Brown and "Nipper."

and place at their head Dr. J. Brown's graphic account of his dog "Nipper."

"Many years ago, I got a proof of the unseen and therefore unhelped miseries of the homeless dog. I was walking down Duke Street, when I felt myself gently nipped in the leg. I turned, and there was a ragged little terrier crouching and abasing himself utterly, as if asking pardon for what he had done. He then stood up on end, and begged as only these coaxing little ruffians can.

While walking in the street he is nipped in the leg —by a little terrier.

"Being in a hurry, I curtly praised his performance with 'Good dog!' clapped his dirty sides, and, turning round, made down the hill; when presently the same nip, perhaps a little nippier—the same scene, only more intense—the same begging and urgent motioning of his short, shaggy paws. 'There's meaning in this,' said I to myself, and looked at him keenly and differently. He seemed to twig at once, and, with a shrill cry, was off much faster than I could. He stopped every now and

The nip is presently repeated.

The dog evidently has some meaning, —and proceeds to show it.

then to see that I followed, and, by way of putting off the time and urging me, got up on the aforesaid portion of his body, and, when I came up, was off again.

"This continued till, after going through sundry streets and by-lanes, we came to a gate, under which my short-legged friend disappeared. Of course I couldn't follow him. This astonished him greatly. He came out to me, and as much as said, 'Why don't you come in?' I tried to open it, but in vain. My friend vanished, and was silent. I was leaving in despair and disgust, when I heard his muffled, ecstatic yelp far off round the end of the wall; and there he was, wild with excitement. I followed, and came to a place where, with a somewhat burglarious ingenuity, I got myself squeezed into a deserted coachyard, lying all rude and waste.

He disappears under a gate,

—and finding that his friend cannot follow

—takes him to a gap opening into a deserted coach-yard.

"My peremptory small friend went under a shed, and disappeared in a twinkling through the window of an old coach body, which had long ago parted from its wheels

He goes into a wrecked carriage,

and become sedentary. I remember the arms of the Fife family were on its panel; and, I dare say, this chariot, with its C springs, had figured in 1822 at the King's visit, when all Scotland was somewhat Fifeish. I looked in, and there was a pointer bitch, with a litter of five pups; the mother like a ghost, and wild with maternity and hunger; her raging, yelling brood tearing away at her dry dugs.

—and shows a starving pointer with a litter of hungry puppies.

"I never saw a more affecting or more miserable scene than that family inside the coach. The poor bewildered mother, I found, had been lost by some sportsman returning south, and must have slunk away there into that deserted place, when her pangs (for she has her pangs as well as a duchess) came, and there, in that forlorn retreat, had she been with them, rushing out to grab any chance garbage, running back fiercely to them—this going on day after day, night after night. What the relief was when we got her well fed and cared for—and her children filled and silent, all cuddling about her

She had been lost by a sportsman,

—and had spent many days in the coach.

asleep, and she asleep too—awaking up to assure herself that this was all true, and that there they were, all the five, each as plump as a plum—

She was relieved and fed,

—and her children cared for.

> "All too happy in the treasure,
> Of her own exceeding pleasure,"—

what this is in kind, and all the greater in amount as many outnumber one, may be the relief, the happiness, the charity experienced and exercised in a homely, well-regulated *Dog Home.*

"*Nipper*—for he was a waif—I took home that night, and gave him his name. He lived a merry life with me—showed much pluck and zeal in the killing of rats, and incontinently slew a cat which had—unnatural brute—unlike his friend—deserted her kittens, and was howling offensively inside his kennel. He died, aged sixteen, healthy, lean, and happy to the last. As for *Perdita* and her pups, they brought large prices, the late Andrew Buchanan, of Coltbridge, an excellent au-

Nipper is taken home, becomes a favourite,

—and dies at the age of sixteen.

Fate of the mother and her children.

thority and man—the honestest 'dog-man' I ever knew—having discovered that their blood and her culture were of the best.

The advantages of dog "homes,"

"I have subscribed to the London 'Home' ever since I knew of it, and will be glad to do as much more for one of our own, as Edinburgh is nearer and dearer than the city of millions of dogs and men.

—especially in prevention of madness and mange.

And let us remember that our own dogs are in danger of being infected by all the dog-diseases, from the tragic *rabies* down to the mange and bad manners, by these pariah dogs; for you know among dogs there is in practical operation that absolute equality and fraternity which has only been as yet talked of and shot at by and for us."

Sympathy, self-denial, reasoning, and language.

In this charmingly told anecdote, we see not only sympathy, but self-denial, reasoning, and a power of communicating ideas to a human being. Being a waif and a stray himself, without a master, and dependent upon chance for food, the little animal took

Nipper begs for his companion,

compassion on his suffering companion, and went out to beg from man the assistance

which he was not able to render himself. But that assistance was not meant for himself, however much he needed it, but for his companion who needed it more. Doubtless, his instinct, and not his reason, taught him to select the person to whom he applied; for it is not every man who will allow himself to be nipped in the leg without repaying the bite, however gentle, with a kick or a blow. Animals, like children, always know their friends.

—and instinctively selects a friend.

See, for example, when he forgot to calculate the difference of size between his newly-found friend and himself. Finding that the man could not crawl under the gate like himself, the dog calculated the dimensions of the man, and pointed out to him an aperture through which he could make his way.

Power of comparison.

A lady writes to me to say, that a friend of hers has two dogs—one a Newfoundland, and the other a small black and tan terrier. They are both good water-dogs, and are now in the habit of swimming about together.

A Newfoundland dog

But, on the first occasion after their introduction to each other, when the terrier jumped into the water, the Newfoundland dog sprang in after him and put him on the bank, evidently thinking that he had fallen accidentally into the water and might be drowned.

—fetches a terrier out of the water,

—thinking that he could not swim.

The following story is sent by another lady.

A mastiff protects

"We had a noble blood-hound, 'Pizarro,' sent us from Manilla; but, although his kind are supposed to be more or less savage, he was most gentle when well treated. When on board ship, he became much attached to a small terrier, which no one dared to molest in his presence. The sailors used to take the little terrier in the boat with them, leave Pizarro on board the ship, and commence teasing his little friend—a proceeding which rendered the blood-hound most irritable. He afterwards extended his protecting power to one of those ornamental but useless Danish dogs, which we had at that time, and who always rushed to his kennel

—first a terrier,

—and then a Danish dog,

for protection if threatened with punishment, and then no one dared interfere." —who always seeks his protector.

Several anecdotes, of a character somewhat similar to the following, are tolerably well known. I am glad, therefore, to present my readers with a story which possesses the double advantage of being both original and authenticated. An old tale repeated.

"In a little village in Wiltshire there lived a small black terrier, called 'Mungo,' and a large yard-dog, the two being on the most amicable terms. One night, the terrier paid a neighbouring farmhouse a visit, in order to offer his respects to another little terrier, whom he much admired. But, alas for his gallant intentions! a large rough watch-dog, not tolerating rivals, set on him savagely, and poor Mungo returned home in a sorry plight, bleeding, torn, limping, and scarcely able to crawl. Two canine friends. The smaller is assaulted by another dog, —and severely injured by a watch-dog.

"He lay down by his faithful friend, and told of his piteous wooing. Fondly and gently the big dog listened and licked his He is tended by his friend,

friend's wounds, who for many a day lay sorely bruised, and never attempted to leave home. Sometime afterwards, on a fine moonlight night, some labourers, who were returning home across some fields, met the two friends trotting gaily along. Next morning the farmer found his savage watch-dog stretched stiff and stark on the straw in his yard."

—and the two then go and kill the watch-dog.

A combination of qualities.

What a combination of qualities do we not find in the conduct of these two dogs. They must have possessed a language sufficiently definite for the one to tell the other what had befallen him, and to designate the offender. They then must have arranged that the big dog was to avenge the injuries inflicted on his little friend, as soon as the latter was well enough to show him the way. There was memory in both dogs, enabling them to postpone the execution of their design until the injured dog had recovered; and there was sympathy for suffering in the large dog, and desire for revenge in the little one. The two dogs in

Language,

—memory

—sympathy,

—and revenge.

question belonged to a clergyman, who told the story to my correspondent.

A ludicrous side to the gravest subjects.

There are instances among mankind, where even the best of feelings present a ludicrous side, and animals are not exempt from this rule. In the following example the sympathy was very well meant, though the mode of showing it was exceedingly ludicrous.

"Lion" has an objection to church bells,

"I have said that my dog 'Lion,' a cross between the setter and the sheep-dog, always sets up a piteous howling when the neighbouring church bells begin calling the villagers to morning service at eleven. At the first slow tolling he takes no notice of the bell, but as they ring the changes he becomes uneasy and wanders about; and when the chimes begin, he no longer contains his feelings, but howls with all his might. He is by no means a howling dog, and bears all the other ills of life with patience, or, at most, indulges in a whine.

—especially when they chime,

—and audibly expresses his disgust.

"Now, my mother's dog 'Snap,' a pure

"Snap," a Skye terrier, does not heed bells,

Skye terrier, is, as a rule, supremely indifferent to bells, though she will bark by the hour together at a treed squirrel or at some distant or even imaginary sound. No sooner, however, does she, when on a visit to my cottage, hear Lion's cry of distress and remonstrance, than she joins the chorus, and the two dogs will sit on their haunches, with nose in air, and howl there until I call them in, or until the bells abate their noise. The one dog affords a good picture of sorrow, and the other of sympathy."

—but out of sympathy,

—joins in Lion's lamentations.

It might be good manners on her part;

Perhaps Snap thought that it was only good manners to show that she felt for Lion's sufferings, though she did not share them herself, and so she joined him in his lamentations.

—or Lion might have had just cause of complaint.

It may be, however, that Lion had more cause for complaint than we might fancy. There are many dogs to whom certain sounds are not only obnoxious, but actually injurious. This is well corroborated by a curious anecdote communicated to me by the late J. Hatton, M.D.

"With regard to the effects of sound upon animals. I remember, when a child, my brother going into the country, on a Sunday afternoon, to see a friend, who gave him a young pup about ten weeks old. At that time we lived in the precincts of the Cathedral. The ringers were accustomed to practise every Sunday evening at eight o'clock. No sooner did they begin than the dog began to run round and round the room at a furious rate, and finally rushed under the sofa, where the poor animal almost immediately died in convulsions."

Effect of sound upon animals.

A dog killed by cathedral bells.

Cats are often kind to each other, sympathizing under difficulties and helping their friends who need assistance. One of my friends is a great admirer of cats and their disposition, and has noted many of their ways. One of her cats was rather a weakly animal, and was unable to carry her kittens about after the manner of cats. So, when she wished to carry her kittens from one place to another, she was accustomed to impress a

Sympathy in cats.

A cat-mother being weak,

—employs a friend to carry the baby.

stronger cat into her service, she walking by the side of her friend in order to act as guide.

Another cat engages a nursemaid.

Another of the cats, when oppressed with the cares of a family, did exactly what a human mother does when she can afford it. She employed a nursemaid, *i.e.*, she fetched a half-grown kitten and placed it in charge of her young while she went for a ramble.

Reason and sympathy.

In Hardwicke's "Science Gossip," which is really a treasure-house of information for those who know how to use it, are many anecdotes of sympathy between animals. One of these anecdotes shows reason as well as sympathy in the common weasel.

A weasel is trodden on by a horse,

A clergyman was driving along the road near Basingstoke, when his horse trod on a weasel, which could not get out of the way in time. The little animal was paralyzed, its spine seeming to be broken, so that it

—and rendered powerless.

could not move its hind legs. Presently, another weasel came out of the roadside,

went up to the injured animal, and, after carefully inspecting the invalid, picked it up and carried it to the side of the road, where it would not be endangered by traffic. Another weasel comes to its assistance, and places it in safety.

Another case of sympathy between creatures of the same species is given in the same journal. A female wood-pigeon was sitting on her eggs, and her mate was close at hand. A heavy shower of rain came suddenly on, whereupon the male bird took up a position above his mate (who could not leave her eggs), and with his spread wings formed a shelter from the rain. Chivalry not extinct, —even among wood-pigeons.

We will now pass to sympathy between animals of different species. The hereditary enmity between cat and dog is proverbial, and yet, when in good hands, they are sure to become very loving friends, and even to show considerable sympathy with each other. Here is a case in which the animals had but the slightest passing acquaintance with each other. The anecdote which immediately follows is communicated by the same lady. Sympathy between cat and dog, —even when newly acquainted.

"Compassion was shown in the following case. A poor little cat was lying very ill by the kitchen fire; another cat came inquiringly up. A Scotch terrier (belonging to the house in which we were then lodging, and therefore a comparative stranger to the invalid) immediately jumped off a chair, and silently but firmly turned it back, as if to say, 'You must not disturb her.' He also turned back in the same manner our own large dog."

A cat comes to look at a sick friend,

—but is kept away by the dog.

"Many years ago my mother had a cat and dog; and when the cat had kittens, the dog, a terrier, would take charge of them for an hour at a time, and no one dared touch them. Although at other times he was gentle, he then snarled at all comers. Directly the mother re-appeared, 'Fly' walked off and resigned his charge."

A dog takes charge of kittens,

—and allows no one to approach them.

The four following anecdotes all relate to sympathy between cats and dogs, and have been sent by different correspondents.

"One day a large black cat entered the

garden in a most deplorable condition, her tail nearly cut in two by a tin kettle which had been tied to it. The kettle was taken off, and the poor creature brought into the house and fed. Our little dog 'Trotty' was greatly delighted to have another friend; but 'Blackie,' as we called the cat, would not allow him to go near her, scratching and spitting if he approached. All the time her tail seemed very painful, but at the end of three or four days Trotty somehow managed to bite off the end of it. This eased the poor creature's pains, and from that time they were loving friends."

A cruelly-treated cat comes for refuge,

—but is afraid of the dog.

He relieves her pain, and

—they become loving friends.

Trotty's reasoning was as correct in this case as if he had been the subject of transmigration, and formerly inhabited the body of a hospital surgeon.

Reason as well as sympathy.

"When our little dog Trotty was quite young, we had a kitten, 'Mittie' by name. She was a gentle, loving creature, who evidently disliked being pulled about and teased by Trotty, but only resented it in the most gentle way. The result of this teasing

Exaggerated affection

is injurious to its object.

was that poor little Mittie did not grow, and at ten months old she was a dwarf.

The kitten is scalded.

"She was then accidentally scalded, and so badly that for some weeks she lay on a pillow, and had her sores regularly dressed with oil. All this while Trotty was apparently troubled, and when the sores were partially healed he gently licked them, and so aided in her recovery. From that time he never teased her, and they lived together for a year, Mittie growing into a fine cat.

Her wounds are licked by the dog and she recovers.

Being afterwards afflicted with a swelling,

"At the end of this time I fancied that Trotty was again at his tricks, but on closely watching them I found that Mittie held up her head in order that Trotty might lick her neck, on which we found a small lump. This went on for some time, Mittie touching Trotty with her paw when she wished to be licked, and again when she wished him to desist. The lump proved malignant, and dear little Mittie died. Trotty was restless for weeks, and would not eat as usual."

—she asks the dog to lick it,

—which he does until her death.

"There was a ferocious bulldog kept as a

guardian of the premises. He was so fierce that on one occasion he tried to bite his mistress because she ventured too near his kennel. Once, however, he showed that he was not deficient in kindly feelings, and that they might have been developed by proper management.

A peculiarly fierce bull-dog —is not without kindly feelings.

"One day a little kitten got out of a window three stories high, and fell on the stone paving of the yard near the dog's kennel. It was so hurt and crushed that even its mother would not go near it. The dog, however, picked it up carefully, took it into his kennel, licked it clean, and nursed it carefully till the poor little thing died."

A kitten falls out of window and maims itself, —and the dog takes it into his kennel and nurses it until it dies.

"'Bandy,' our turnspit dog, was an inmate of the house before Miss 'Chinchilla' Puss came to reside ten months ago. She was very wild and frightened when she came, dogs being her natural abhorrence; but by constant association at the dinner table, round the fireplace, and

"Bandy" and "Chinchilla."

even in the ladies' rooms, they became good friends; and their love was cemented on the occasion of poor Bandy having had a fit and being unable to move for some hours. Miss Chinchilla came frequently to inquire for him, and greeted him with a kiss, literally they touched lips and noses.

Sympathy during illness.

"Time passed on, and Chinchilla arrived at the dignified state of married life, and a month ago she had her first kitten! On the occasion, Bandy's anxious solicitations were constant and gentle, nor could his curiosity be satisfied on hearing the kitten's wee voice, till he had seen and smelt Kitty. The sight of such a warm small lump of life, excited an interest which was far greater than curiosity, and whenever Chinchilla left her kitten for any time, he took upon himself the office of guardian and nurse, for he licked and watched it as if it had been one of his own offspring. The other evening, while the mother was away, he even got into the cat's basket, and curled himself up in it, as she does,

Chinchilla has a kitten,

—which is watched and protected by the dog,

while the kitten lay upon him and under his paw exactly as it does with its mother. Now at a month old Kitty goes up to him and 'shows fight' (as children say when they want to have a stand-up game), while the mother looks on, waiting to share in the fun.

—who also turns nurse in the mother's absence.

"I am hoping to see, when Kitty grows up, that she will have extinguished the natural antipathy of her race to the dog tribe; if so, I think it will be a beautiful proof of cultivation and domestication, obliterating the prejudices of instinct and hereditary habits. Since it is the affection and instinct that form the life of all existences, I believe and hope we are cultivating the immortal principle in our domestic animals by subduing the more animal nature, and educating their affections and intelligences, and so developing a higher race of dogs and cats, or horses, or any other pet.

Effects of domestication.

"I should like to know if you think that in the next stage of existence our

animals will know us individually as they do now in a measure by smell, and scent, and voice. I am anxious to see your work on the proofs of immortality in animals. I do so hope that, when I pass beyond the veil, I shall know and be recognized by a dear old pet dog, 'Beppo,' a most devoted animal, who lived and died with us."

Recognition after death.

A dog in the poultry-yard.

A gentleman living in Edinburgh has just sent me this remarkable anecdote of sympathy in a dog, showing how wide can be a dog's sympathies, and how cleverly he can carry them into effect.

"Jack," the spaniel, takes compassion on a bullied cock,

"I once gave a spaniel, called 'Jack,' to a farmer friend in the neighbourhood of the city. Jack's kennel was placed in the farmyard, where the poultry were daily fed. Amongst them happened to be a poor, unfortunate, unpopular cock, which was not allowed to have a share of what was going, but was punished severely whenever he made an attempt to get any food.

—who can get nothing to eat.

"Jack somehow observed this, and, feel-

ing sympathy for the poor bird, was seen daily to leave some of his food, to carry his 'bicker' which contained it into his kennel, and wait there until all the poultry were gone. He would then take his bicker outside, put it down where the cock could get it, and stand on watch all the time in order to protect him. Sometimes he would leave the bicker inside the kennel, and, if the bird were near at hand, he would go round about him until he got him into the kennel, so that he might take his food without being disturbed.

Jack saves some of his own food for the bird,

—and keeps watch while he eats it,

—sometimes putting the food in the kennel, so that the bird might not be interrupted.

"I regret to say that Jack is now dead; but he was a dog of more than ordinary canine parts, for he exhibited a sagacity and sympathy towards that sadly tormented bird which showed that he was an animal of a rare stamp, and far above his fellows."

Moral character of the dog,

I hope that the reader will appreciate the character of this dog as it deserves, and see how he displayed virtues of which any human being might be proud. There is compassion for sufferings unjustly inflicted

—and his virtues:—

Compassion,

—sense of justice, —self-denial, —generosity, —and reason.

upon a fellow-being, and a determination to redress them. Then there is self-denial in depriving himself of his food, generosity in giving it away, and high reasoning power as exemplified by the various means employed in managing that the poor persecuted bird should have its food in peace, undisturbed by its heartless fellows.

The friendship

The end of this strange friendship was very remarkable.

—only ended

The ill-usage of the other birds still continued, and at last the cock was accustomed regularly to take refuge in the dog's kennel. Probably from the perpetual bullying which he endured, he fell ill, and one morning

—by death.

was found dead in the kennel, lying closely pressed to his only friend.

Mode of expressing sympathy.

Giving food, indeed, seems to be a favourite way by which animals of different species express their sympathies with each other. The following little history is given in the "Zoologist," page 9649 :—

"Last year, when the troops left this

station to proceed to the frontier war, a goat belonging to an officer had two young kids the very morning the force marched. The cruel native servants, who have less feeling than any animal, even a tiger, took with them the poor mother and left the two kids behind, because to carry them would have entailed a little trouble—a thing most devoutly abhorred by this class of menials.

A goat has two kids,

—which are left behind by the native servants.

"The little kids made a terrible bleating noise at being left all alone; and a pariah dog, who was employed as a wet nurse in the opposite compound, for two English puppies, came over the road and took the helpless little kids in her mouth, and conveyed them to the box where her two puppies were. After this she regularly suckled them, and brought them up with the other two of her adopted family. It was a curious sight, the old lady suckling two puppies and two kids. She lay down to the former, but had to stand up for the latter, for they used to run at her in the usual vehement way lambs and kids do at

Their bleating attracts a pariah dog,

—who takes them to her home,

—and feeds them together with her foster-children,

—accommodating herself to both,

—in spite of the pain which they gave her.

their mothers, which often gave the dog great pain; but notwithstanding this she was never known to bite at them.

"These two kids grew up and followed the dog about, along with the puppies, all day, until the kids became as big as the old dog herself: she nursed them for about three months, when she had a family of her own, and left off taking any notice of them further than by a good-humoured wag of the tail or an occasional lick of their faces. These kids grew up to be big goats, and continued playing with the dogs, their foster brother and sister. The old dog had been in the first place deprived of her own offspring, and the two puppies had been brought to her to bring up. Perhaps having lost her own family made her take compassion on the kids, thus showing that 'a kindred feeling makes us wondrous kind' does not apply to the human race only."

She nursed them for three months,

—when some puppies of her own required all her attention.

The kids kept up their friendship after they became goats.

The "kindred feeling."

A curious instance of sympathy is related by Lady E.

"Rosy's daughter was a curious tortoise-shell, with four white paws, which were always kept particularly clean. A cat and her daughter,

"When she was nearly twelve months old I went into the room to breakfast, and perceived both Rosy and Tiney outside the window, resting their front paws on the window-frame, and carrying a dead kitten in their mouths, Rosy holding the kitten of a few hours old by the back of the neck, cat-fashion, and Tiney supporting the hind legs. Both mother and daughter were looking very solemn, as though soliciting sympathy for the death of Tiney's first-born child. —carrying the corpse of the latter's first-born, —and asking for sympathy.

"Rosy has had a great many kittens since then, but Tiney never had another, though she has been most anxious and attentive to her little brother and sister kittens; and whenever Rosy left them longer than Tiney considered prudent, she would call her and drive her to her baby kittens, giving her an unmistakable box on the ear and a scolding for her neglect of her young ones. Successive families —tended by their sister, —who rebukes her mother for neglect,

"When they grew too large and heavy for Rosy to carry alone, the pair always bore the burden between them, Rosy taking them by the neck, and Tiney the hind legs, as in the first instance. In this way they frequently mounted the stairs, and it was extraordinary to see how well they managed together.

—and helps her

—to carry her children.

"Poor Tiney, who was a wonderful cat, and did most clever things, was lost while I was away from home for some months. Rosy has travelled about with me, and sits as quietly on my knee as a child would do. She likes to look out of the carriage-window, and when anything passing takes her fancy she puts her paw on my chest, and makes a pretty little noise as though asking if I had seen it also."

"Tiney" is lost,

—but "Rosy" remains,

—to sympathize with and talk to her mistress.

There are many examples known of birds feeling sympathy with the lost or deserted young of other species, and taking upon themselves the task of feeding the starving children. The following case is really a

Sympathy in birds of different species.

remarkable one, for it is scarcely possible for two birds to be more unlike in their manners than the starling and the redbreast, the former being essentially a social bird, and the latter as essentially a solitary one, isolating himself with the greatest care, and always appropriating to himself some district which he is pleased to consider as his own property, and in which he will not allow another redbreast to show himself. Indeed he does not like a bird of any kind to intrude upon his premises, and whenever they show themselves they must be very strong birds indeed not to be attacked by this jealous defender of his rights. The following little history is taken from Hardwicke's "Science Gossip" for September, 1871:—

The starling and the redbreast.

Sociability and isolation.

Jealousy of the redbreast.

"A little redbreast has come to our door all through the winter for his meals, and a most friendly welcome guest he has been. One spring morning we saw robin do a deed of charity that more than ever endeared the little bird to our hearts. It had been a

A redbreast domesticates himself,

bitterly cold night, and on our servant going down-stairs to fetch some coal to light the fires, she found a poor little starling shivering and frightened in the cellar. She called me to see the bird: it had only just left the nest, and it was so weak that it could not fly. I tried to coax it to eat, took it near the fire, offered it bread-crumbs, seeds, water; but no! the starling would *not* be tempted.

—and a young starling also gets into the house,

—but ill at rest.

"Breakfast-time came, and with it the little robin. We thought that if we put the wee birdie out of doors its mother might come to look for her lost child; then came the fear of robin—he was so *very* pugnacious. Well, we risked it, keeping a very strict watch over the starling's safety. Robin eyed it for a moment and flew away; still the little baby-bird stood on one leg shivering, and no mother arrived. The moments seemed hours. Presently robin came flying back, and with something in his beak too. Hop, hop, he came to where the wee baby-starling was shivering, and

At breakfast-time the redbreast comes,

—and looks at the starling.

He goes off,

popped a worm in its beak, which it opened, just as if robin had said, 'Open your mouth, here is some breakfast;' and away he flew, and again returned with some food to the young bird, and then they both flew away. We never saw the starling again, but good little robin's deed made him more loved than ever in the house."

—returns with a worm,

—feeds the starling,

—and they both fly away.

I am rather glad to have the opportunity of making known these examples of sympathy between animals, because I have received communications from persons who really appreciate the moral capacities of the lower animals, but who cannot bring themselves to believe that they feel any sympathy with each other, though they do so for man.

Sympathy between animals.

We now pass to another branch of the subject, namely, the capacity of the lower animals to sympathize with human beings in distress. The following touching narrative is from the pen of a lady.

Sympathy with human beings.

"Some years ago we possessed a large

A mastiff watch-dog, a mastiff, who, when he became old, was allowed the free range of the garden.

—and a Skye terrier become friends. "We also had a little Skye terrier, whom he took into his especial charge, walking with her, and apparently showing her the various walks, flower-beds, &c. She had, unfortunately, one great fault, *i.e.*, chasing the cat, who was also a pet. On one occasion she was taken in the act, and her

The latter being about to suffer punishment, —the mastiff saves her. master was administering a little castigation; whereupon the mastiff came up quietly to his master, and took his right arm in his mouth, not offering to bite, but asking him to withhold the coming stroke.

"The successor to this dog was a still more remarkable animal, belonging to the

"Nelly" the St. Bernard dog, St. Bernard breed, named 'Nelly.' She came to us when six weeks old, and died in November, 1862, lamented not only by the household of which she formed a part, but by

—remarkable for her intellectual counteannce. the whole neighbourhood. Even strangers could not but notice her, for her face was full of soul, nobility, intelligence, and love.

"She was with us during a season of bitter bereavement. Her own altered looks, her quiet and sad demeanour, told how truly she shared in the prevailing sorrow. For many weeks she never entered the house (except the kitchen), but would often look wistfully up to the windows. At length, when she did venture into the dining-room, she merely walked direct to the well-known chair, and finding it vacant, with saddened look turned away, and left the room.

She sympathises with affliction.

—laments the lost one,

"Time rolled on, her visits to the house were renewed, and then it was that her sympathetic qualities were so touchingly displayed. She seemed to realise the change that had passed over us. She noticed our indications of sorrow when we thought that she was sleeping, and, leaving the spot where she was lying, she would offer us her paw with an expression of countenance which made itself felt.

—expresses her sorrow

—by gestures,

"On more than one occasion she rose spontaneously from the warm rug, and,

—is intelligible as speech.

with a look which conveyed as impressively as words could do the sympathy which she felt, she rested her beautiful flaxen breast on the lap of the lonely one, clasped her in her arms, and licked the tear-bedewed cheeks."

The last scene of Nelly's life was very remarkable, as showing the complete understanding and sympathy which can exist between man and the lower animals. She entertained the profoundest affection for the old gardener, affection which was perfectly reciprocated.

Her love for the gardener —reciprocated.

Her greatest trials were when George's duties called him away from her. At such times she used to station herself at the gate, eagerly listening for the coming footstep, with now and then a piteous howl. And when he did appear, what a rush of delight! what greetings! what fondlings!

Mutual affection.

"But I must hasten to the last sad scene. Our loving and much-loved Nelly died three days after giving birth to a litter of puppies. The best skill that was to be had was ob-

Her last day draws near.

tained, and her faithful George watched her by night and by day. With all a mother's forgetfulness of self, she fulfilled her maternal duties until the last day, when she evidently felt that she had nothing and could do nothing for them. She feebly rose from her couch, and gave her children into George's charge, with a look that said as plainly as human words could speak, 'Care for these helpless ones as you have cared for me.' What could a human mother do more? She then lay on the couch from which her children had already been removed, stretched herself out, and, with her paws in the hand of her faithful friend, quietly breathed out her life.

She watches her children until her strength is gone, and delivers them to the care of her friend,

—just as a human mother might do,

—and then dies.

"Can it be that virtues such as I have attempted to portray have found no fitting sphere for their exercise, but that, like the poor perished body, they have gone to destruction? Nay, even the body is not destroyed; it is only dissolved into other elements. Are we then to think that the all-wise Creator shows less respect for the

Are such virtues limited to the material body?

—or, do not they survive in a future state?

immaterial than for the material; that, whilst the inferior continues to exist, although in altered form, the superior is consigned to annihilation? Reason and analogy oppose it; revelation does not support it."

A cat expressing sympathy with human beings.

I have witnessed an example of sympathy with human sufferings shown by a cat. Her name was "Prettina," and she was grandmother of my own remarkable animal, who, although of a different sex, received the abbreviated name of "Pret," by way of honouring the memory of his beautiful grandmother. One day, while I was paying a visit, the cat's mistress was seized with a distressing cough, which used to last for a considerable time, and left her quite prostrate with the fatigue. As soon as the cough began the cat became uneasy, and at last jumped upon the couch on which her mistress was lying, uttered a series of sounds which evidently expressed pity, and laid her paw on the sufferer's lips.

"Prettina" and her offspring.

Her mistress is seized with a cough,

—and is consoled by the cat,

This, I heard, was her invariable practice whenever a fit of coughing was prolonged more than usual. —according to custom.

As for sympathy displayed by dogs, there is no need for me to give examples. I suppose that no human being was ever free from troubles of some kind, and I am equally sure that no one who had a companiable dog felt that he was without sympathy. Doggie knows perfectly well when his master is suffering pain or sorrow, and his nose pushed into his master's hand, or laid lovingly on his knee, is a sign of sympathy which is worth having, though it only exists in the heart of a dog. From that moment a bond has been established between the soul of the man and that of the dog, and I cannot believe that the bond can ever be severed by the death of the material body, whether of the man or of the animal. Sympathetic nature of the dog, —especially in time of suffering. The spiritual bond between man and beast, —and its continuance.

I know a case where a dog was always the consoler. It belonged to a large family, and, as will be the case in families, one of the children occasionally got into disgrace, The dog the consoler

and was punished. Whenever this happened, "Flo" was sure to find out the sorrowing child, and, by licking its face, and offering many caresses, would show her sympathy. One of the children was peculiarly sensitive, and, as if conscious that she specially needed sympathy, Flo would be more demonstrative towards her than towards the others.

—of children in distress,

—especially of the more sensitive.

FRIENDSHIP.

THAT friendship, which is another branch of love, exists among animals is a very well-known fact, exhibiting itself most frequently among domesticated animals. Horses, for example, which have been accustomed to draw the same carriage, are usually sure to be great friends, and, if one be exchanged, the other is quite wretched for want of his companion, and seems unable to put any spirit into his work.

Friendship among domesticated animals,

—such as horses

Dogs, too, are very apt to strike up friendship with each other, one or two examples of which I have already men-

—and dogs.

tioned under other headings. One of my friends has a little terrier called "Pincher," who had in some way managed to make friends with a great sheep-dog. This was an unpleasant animal, of a quarrelsome disposition, and was always fighting some other dog. On these occasions, Pincher always used to run to the assistance of his friend, and give him material help by attacking his adversary in the rear, snapping and barking, and biting his heels. This was very good of Pincher, but it was scarcely fair play to the other dog.

Alliance between a terrier and a sheep-dog.

Comrades in battle.

A very remarkable instance of friendship in a cat has been communicated to me by a lady.

"We had two kittens given us, fine high-spirited animals, called 'Dick' and 'Kate.' They lived together happily for some time; but Kate was taken with fits, and, by the advice of the doctor, she was poisoned with prussic acid. She was buried far away from the house, because Dick was so fond

Friendship between two kittens.

One dies,

of her that we feared he would find her grave.

"He did not see Kate removed, and of course had no knowledge of his loss except by his own instinct. But he hunted everywhere for her, called her in his way, and after the first day refused to eat. He went about the house in the most touching way, just like a person in grief, and at the end of three days he died."

—and the other pines away for grief,

The love which this affectionate creature bore to his companion was stronger than life, and I cannot believe but that it survived death, and that the two loving creatures were again united in their own new sphere of existence.

—love being stronger than life.

Among the animals, friendship is not confined to one species, but sometimes exhibits itself in animals which might be supposed to be peculiarly incongruous in their nature. Here, for example, is a case of friendship between a cat and a dog.

Friendship between animals of different species.

"A strong case of friendliness between

cat and dog is to be witnessed in this house (near Guildford) at the present time. Two kittens, not related to each other, and about six weeks old, have been introduced into the house, at two different times, within the last seven or eight weeks. Instead of taking alarm at the sight of our big dog, they lick his face, bite his ears, and play with his tail; I believe they think that he wags it on purpose, and I am not sure but they are right; finally, when they are tired, they go to sleep beside him, so that it is not uncommon to find him with one kitten between his paws and the other leaning up against him; and if he walks about the house, one or both of the kittens will trot after him. Neither of these little creatures had seen a large dog until they came to us."

Cats and dogs.

Two kittens are introduced to a large dog,

—and conceive a strong affection for him,

—though they had never seen a large dog before.

That cows and sheep live, as a rule, on good terms in the same pasture is a familiar fact, though sometimes the former are a little apt to bully the latter. I have, however, learned that a very strong affection can

Friendship between cows and sheep.

exist between animals so different, and that when accustomed to each other's society neither could be happy without the other.

A motherless lamb is brought up in the cowhouse,

"Some years ago we had a lamb whose mother died soon after its birth. It was brought up by hand on cow's milk, and, for the convenience of the feeder, was kept in the cowhouse. It accompanied the cows to and from the field, and remained their companion for two or three years.

—and when adult is placed with the sheep.

"The animal was quite a pet of the man who had charge of the cows, and he kept it with them until ordered by his master to place it with the sheep. After much demur, this was done; but for some days the man

He is wretched with his own kin,

complained that 'Donald' was miserable, that he would not associate with the other sheep, and that they beat him. The master gave little heed to the statement, but at last gave permission for Donald to be restored to his old associates, and invited us to see the meeting.

"The cows all rushed to meet him, and

he ran up to each in turn; but this was only a beginning. After a few minutes a cow went to Donald and began licking him from head to tail, and continued to do so until she had passed her tongue over every part of his body. He was then passed over to another, who did the same thing, until all the six cows had shown their affection."

—and restored to the cows,

—who all give him a loving welcome.

That Donald should refuse to associate with the other sheep is not a matter of wonder, as he had been accustomed from his birth to the society of cows; but that the others should bully him is not so easily explained, except on the supposition that from long familiarity with cows he had contracted habits that were unsheeplike, and gave him a foreign air.

He seems to have acquired unsheep-like habits.

Horses are apt to contract friendship with different animals. The goat and the horse are frequent friends, and it often happens that a peculiarly vicious horse will allow a goat to take any liberties with him without dreaming of resenting them. The stable cat, too, is quite an institution in many places,

Friendship between horses and goats,

—and horses and cats.

the cat's usual place of repose being the back of the horse, and the horse being uneasy if left for any length of time without the society of his usual companion.

A kitten is adopted by a cat.

I know of one case where the friendship was exhibited in a very curious manner. A little kitten strayed, when very young, into the house of one of my friends, and was adopted by a cat who brought it up together with her own young. This kitten became a great frequenter of the stables, and made two rather odd friends, namely, a pony and a lame bantam. It was a curious sight to see the kitten and the bantam curled up asleep on the pony's broad back, where they would spend hours without being disturbed.

She finds her way into the stable,

—and strikes up a friendship with a pony and a lame bantam.

Friendship between a horse and a goose.

The horse and the goose have been known to be excellent friends for a long time, the bird rubbing his head, in the fondest manner, against that of the horse. I have mentioned, under another heading, the odd friendship that was struck up between a kitten and a brood of ducklings, the kitten

A cat and ducks.

always going to sleep on the ducks when they had settled down for the night.

Another odd instance of friendship occurred in the house of one of my friends.

Friendship between a Newfoundland dog and ducklings,

He had a fine Newfoundland dog which took a fancy to a brood of young ducklings, and constituted himself their protector. They were quite willing to accept him in this capacity, and followed him about just as if he had been their mother. It was a specially interesting sight to watch the dog and the ducklings taking their *siesta*. The dog used to lie on his side, and the ducklings would nestle all about him.

—the former taking charge of the latter,

—allowing them to scramble upon him

There was one duckling in particular which invariably scrambled upon the dog's head, and sat on the eye which was uppermost, both parties appearing to be equally satisfied with this remarkable arrangement, though the dog must have been put to no small inconvenience by the pressure on his eye.

—in spite of the inconvenience.

It is really curious to notice the apparently incongruous friendships which are often found among animals.

A monkey and the sick hen.

I knew of a monkey who was accustomed to live in a hen-house. He formed a friendship with one of the inmates, a hen which was in bad health, and the two were accustomed to sleep on the same perch, the monkey with his head nestled under the hen's wing.

Java sparrow and turtle-doves.

I also know of two Java sparrows which always pass the night under the wings of two turtle-doves, which treat them like their own offspring.

CHAPTER XIV.

LOVE OF MASTER.

Attachment of Animals to Man.—Innate yearning for Human Society.—"Jimmie," the Squirrel.—A tame Sparrow and its Ways.—"Turey," the Rock-pigeon.—Sad End of a Pet.—Divided Allegiance.—The dead Shepherd and his Dog.—Animals dying for Love of Man.—"Phloss" and his Mistress.—My Dog "Rory."—My Children's Canary.—Mr. Webber's account of the Bullfinch.—The Story of "Grey-friars Bobby."—A well-deserved Monument.—Power possessed by Animals of returning to their Master.—A Collier Dog finding his way from Calcutta to Scotland.—"Zeno's" singular Journey.—A Dog and his complicated Journey from Manchester to Holywell.—Cats and their supposed Attachment to Localities.—My Cat "Pret" and his Travels.—A Cat crossing Scotland alone.—Suggested Source of the Power.—A stray Persian Cat.—The Dog "Joey" and his Mistress's Letter.—The Indian Fakirs and their tame Tigers.—"Rob," the Bloodhound, and the Child.—The Boy and the savage Horse.—Two pet Sheep.—Goose and "Goosey."—"Toby," the Gander.—Summary of the Subject.

Definition of the title.

UNDER this heading I place that feeling which induces animals to attach themselves to human beings, the feeling being

the same, whether the object of it be technically a master or not.

Yearning for human society

I have already referred to the intense yearning for human society which is felt by many of the lower animals, and which is indeed but the aspirations of the lower spirit developed by contact with the higher.

—in domesticated,

In those animals which are domesticated, and therefore in perpetual contact with man from birth, this feeling is no matter of wonder.

—and in non-domesticated animals, birds, and insects.

But that it should be exhibited in the non-domesticated animals and birds, and even, as we have already seen, in insects, is a fact which is well worth our consideration, as giving a clue to some of the many problems of life which are at present unsolved.

The spirit of the animals attracted by the spirit of man,

The power of attraction which is exercised by the spirit of man upon the spirit of the lower creation is well exemplified by the well-known fact that many of the

—even to the forsaking of their own kind.

wild animals will attach themselves to human beings, and will forsake the society of their own kind for that of the being

whom they feel to be higher than themselves.

Shyness and wariness of the squirrel.

One of our wariest animals is the wild squirrel, as any one will say who has tried to approach one. He is horribly afraid of human beings, and if a man, woman, or child come to windward of a squirrel, the little animal is sure to scamper off at his best pace, scuttle up a tree, and hide himself behind some branch. Yet, as the following anecdote shows, the squirrel, wild as he may be, is peculiarly susceptible to the influence of the human spirit, and, for the sake of human society, will utterly abandon that of its own kind. The little history which is here given was sent to me expressly for this work.

Its fear of man in its wild state

—can be changed into confidence and love.

A young squirrel at college,

"The squirrel was given to me while I was an undergraduate at Cambridge, in the summer of 1854. He was very young, and could scarcely jump from the table. I took him home with me in the long vacation, and he soon became so fond of

—follows his master like a dog.

me that, when I went for a walk, I used to take him with me, and he followed me like a dog.

He objects to a cage, preferring human society,

"Although he had one of those whirl-about cages, it was with difficulty that I could keep him there, as, when awake, he preferred to follow his own devices, and, when tired, he usually slept on a soft cushion on the sofa; or if the doors were left open, he would find his way into some bedroom, and nestle under the pillows.

—and is playfully mis-chievous.

"At night he always used to sleep with me, though he was rather troublesome, as nothing escaped his notice, and he always tried everything with a nibble. He used to hide things dreadfully, and ladies' work-boxes were perfect mines to him. I am afraid he was rather encouraged in this, as my mother generally had a nut reserved in the corner of her box.

He goes into the garden in the morn-ing

"In the morning, while I was dressing, I used to open my window, when 'Jim-mie' used to get out, climb down a rose-tree that was nailed to the wall, and amuse

himself by taking a run before breakfast. Afterwards he usually went out again, and played about the lawn and plantation for three or four hours, returning by the window, and going to sleep on his favourite cushion.

—and afternoon, always returning to the house.

"Once, when I was staying from home, and had taken Jimmie with me, I lost him for two nights. He had been playing about in the garden, and, being in a strange place, had evidently lost his way. I was very unhappy about him, and had given him up for lost, when, on the second day, I heard his feet pattering near the door, and joyfully welcomed him back. When I came over to Jersey, I brought my little friend with me; but, in 1858, the poor little fellow caught cold, became paralyzed, and soon died, to my very great grief."

He was once lost for two days in a strange place,

—but found his way back.

His death.

The reader will observe that in this case there was a deliberate abandonment of freedom and the company of his own kindred for the sake of human society. There was no coercion. If Jimmie had

He was absolutely free,

wished to escape, there was nothing to prevent him, and nothing bound him to his master but an "ever-lengthening chain" of love and aspirations, which none but a human being could satisfy.

—and only bound to his master by a chain of affection.

Here is an instance where a sparrow, one of the most independent and self-reliant of birds, abandoned his own kind for the sake of human beings.

Similar story of a sparrow,

"A lady, whom we know, tells rather a strange story about a sparrow.

"Her brothers had rescued the bird from some boys who had been robbing the nest. They brought it home, and it was reared in the house. It was never confined in a cage, but was allowed to fly freely about the house. As a cat was kept, she had to be watched lest she should injure the bird.

—which had been rescued from some boys.

It was allowed to fly freely,

—in spite of the cat.

"On Sundays, when the whole family went to church, and no one was left to keep an eye on the cat, the sparrow was always turned into the garden, where he

On Sundays the bird was sent into the garden,

flew about until the family returned. The signal for his entry into the house was that his mistress opened the dining-room window, and stood there *without her gloves*. If she wore her gloves, the bird refused to enter."

—returning when summoned by signal.

A somewhat similar instance is here given, the narrator being an artisan.

"Forty years ago I was in Scotland, living with an uncle at an old castle, called Cakemuir. There was a part in ruins, tenanted by quantities of pigeons, many of which were taken for pies. Among them was an unfledged young one, and I, then a boy, took compassion on the solitary thing, and begged it as a pet. I put it in a basket in an empty room, fed it by hand; and it grew apace, and formed an everlasting friendship for me. It was a bright blue bird, with white head and wings.

Similar anecdote of a pigeon,

—which was taken when very young,

—and brought up by hand.

"When it was fledged, I gave it liberty, but it would never associate with its fellows.

It follows its master in his walks,

It followed me wherever I went, even for miles, taking long flights, and returning to settle on my arms, head, or shoulders.

—and is his companion at home.

It was a constant attendant in the breakfast-parlour, driving out the dogs and cats by blows of its wing.

It accompanies him to another house,

"We removed to another house, where it was perfectly at home. There also it was a great pet with my uncle and aunt, but it would never follow them. After a time I was apprenticed at a village a few miles off, and used to return on Sunday morning and spend the day there. 'Turey'

—and learns the difference between the days of the week,

followed me as usual on the Sundays, and when I returned on Monday would try to accompany me. At first I had to drive it back by throwing stones towards it; but it soon learned my intentions, and would only go with me as far as the road. On

—and understands an order.

being told to go home, it would fly round my head, then make a great round in the air and fly home.

"Unfortunately, it became troublesome, as most pets do, and used to get into the

dairy and disturb the milk. My aunt shut it up, but forgot to give it any water, and the poor bird died of thirst. Many tears were shed, and we were obliged to let my uncle think that I had the bird with me in the village."

Its untimely end.

I am acquainted with two jackdaws, which behave in much the same manner. One of them entirely declines all intercourse with the jackdaw world, and attaches himself exclusively to the inhabitants of the house. He has the full use of his wings, but generally employs them in flying about the house, and occasionally settling on the heads of persons to whom he chooses to take a fancy. I have had him on my head many times, and it was sometimes rather startling, when absorbed in a book or conversation, to see something black dash before one's eyes, to hear a loud squall of "Jack!" in one's ears, and then to feel the grasp of sharp claws on the top of the head.

Two tame jackdaws.

One haunts the house,

—and is sometimes rather more familiar than agreeable.

The other jackdaw owns a divided allegiance. He does not enter the house,

The other frequents the garden, and freely consorts with his fellows. But he is always within, or, at all events, in sight of the garden, and is ready to greet any members of the family who leave the house. He will generally accompany them in their walks; and if they are accompanied by friends who are not acquainted with his ways, he is apt to startle them by an occasional swoop close to their heads accompanied by a loud caw.

—and accompanies his friends in their walks.

Divided companionship. Here is a case of divided companionship in a rook. The anecdote was communicated to me by a lady.

A young rook is brought to the house wounded, recovers, "In the early part of 1861, a young rook was brought to one of my children. It was wounded in the wing, and unable to fly; but every care was taken of it, and it soon recovered. We gave the bird its liberty; but during the whole of that year it kept about the garden, and close to the house, always coming to be fed when called.

—and is very friendly.

"He remained with us for some years,

when he suddenly disappeared. We feared that he might have been shot; but, to our surprise, about the month of June 'Jack' again made his appearance, sitting in his accustomed place in a tree opposite the window. From that time he has been a constant attendant, coming to us when we call him, and following us from place to place. At other times he joins his companions, and flies about with them, only returning to us to be fed."

He disappears for a time,

—but afterwards returns,

—joining his companions from time to time.

The following pathetic little tale shows how the love of master in a dog survived death. It shows reasoning and self-denial on the part of the dog, and also affords another example of the manner in which the power of reason in an animal seems to break down just where it might be expected to manifest itself most successfully.

Love of master in a dog.

Reason and self-denial.

"Some years ago, a fearful snowstorm happened in the Isle of Skye. A shepherd had occasion to go to look after his

A shepherd and his dog are overtaken in a snowstorm,

flock, attended by a faithful dog. The storm increased, and the poor shepherd could not accomplish his task; night had set in, and he was unable to return to his home. Struggling in vain through the drift and darkness, he became utterly exhausted, lay down and died.

Night comes on,

—and the man dies.

"The dog, more fortunate than his master, got back to the lonely sheiling; and when it was seen that he was alone, search was made, but in vain. Hope was giving way to despair, when it was observed that the dog daily took away a piece of bannock or cake in his mouth, as it was thought to hide it for some future occasion. But, with that noble instinct with which a wise Providence had endued him (although in this instance unavailing), he set off day by day with this supply to where his master lay, and on being followed it was found that he had placed no fewer than five pieces of bread on his breast. Alas! the vital spark had long since fled, but there was the striking token of instinct and affection,

The dog reaches home,

—daily takes a piece of bannock,

—and lays it on the breast of his dead master. Subject for a picture.

meet subject for even a Landseer to depict."

Dying for love,

The intensity of the love which the lower animals can entertain towards man may be estimated from the fact that they have been known to die for the loss of those whom they love. I give three instances of such potent grief, two being exhibited by dogs, and the other by a canary which lived in my own family for some years. The first anecdote is taken from the well-known "Memorials of a Quiet Life," by Augustus Hare.

—in dogs and birds.

"Memorials of a Quiet Life."

"Her poor old dog, 'Phlos,' pined away from the moment of his mistress's death. He pined and vexed himself whenever the undertakers came to the house, and, on the night before her funeral, laid himself down and died—died, as the servant said, just like his mistress, with one long gasp of breath. Thus ended a life bound up in our recollections with 'Julius,' with Havelock, from whom it derived its name, and

"Phlos" grieves at the loss of his mistress,

—and dies on the night before her funeral

Julius's dear friend, Tom Starr, by whom it was given."

My dog "Rory."

Then there was my dear dog, "Rory," the quaintest, funniest, and most eccentric dog that I ever knew. A rough Irish

His colour,

terrier, black as night, with a triangular patch of snowy white on his breast, and another on the under side of his tail-tuft; thick, heavy eyebrows, with a bold curve in them, only letting the gleam of the

—eyes,

glittering eyes sparkle from between their fringes; black moustaches, to match the eyebrows, only very much longer and

—and ears.

thicker; and ears standing nearly upright for half their length, and then abruptly drooping as if made of black velvet.

I call him *my* dog, not because he ever belonged to me, but because he was pleased to adopt me as his master, and totally to

Ownership of the dog.

repudiate his legal owner, who, by the way, very honourably paid the tax for him.

Shortly after taking my degree, I accepted a scholastic offer, which took me into Wilt-

shire, where it was impossible to introduce Rory. So, with many regrets, I left him to the care of the household, all of whom were very fond of him.

Rory is left behind,

"Of course, he was greatly troubled at my absence, and was perpetually on the watch for me, but after some weeks he seemed to understand the state of things and to be reconciled to his lot. It so happened that after I had been away for some three months, I had to attend to some family business, and visited home for a few hours. Rory was there, and gave me the most curious welcome imaginable.

—and watches for his master,

—who returns after an absence of several months.

Naturally a dog of the most exuberant spirits, exalted to the skies by a kind word, and crawling on the ground in utter abasement if scolded, he might have been expected to be more than usually demonstrative when I unexpectedly made my appearance. But he did nothing of the kind. He licked my hand, and that was all. But he would not lose sight of me. He followed me silently about the house, and, when I sat

He made very little demonstration,

—but was silently affectionate,

—lying with his chin upon his master's foot,

down, lay on the floor, with his chin resting on my foot, and his beautiful loving eyes gazing steadily and wistfully at me through their heavy fringes. He seemed to know that it was for the last time, and kept his steady gaze until I was obliged to leave the house. He made no particular demonstration when I bade him farewell; but his lawful owner claimed him, took him away, and in a few weeks my poor Rory was dead.

—and steadily gazing at him.

In a few weeks he dies of grief.

His exuberant spirits and sense of humour.

There are several now living, who will always cherish an affectionate regard for Rory and his odd ways. No human being could have possessed a keener sense of humour than had Rory, and no one could have been more fertile in hitting upon plans for gratifying that sense of humour. He would knock over every fat lap-dog that he met, frighten their mistresses half out of their senses, walk by their sides on his hind legs the whole length of a street, and altogether comport himself like an amiable maniac. He chiefly exulted, however, in

He knocks lapdogs over,

--frightens their mistresses,

alarming college dons as they statelily sailed along in the full glories of silken gown, cassock, and scarf. Such, at least, was the custom in my time, now some thirty years ago; but I am given to understand that, in these degenerate days, undergraduates wear moustaches, and a don looks like anybody else.

—and startles the dons from their silken dignity.

Perhaps that very sense of the ridiculous which was gratified by seeing so stately a being lose all his dignity in instant and groundless alarm, was owing to the susceptibility of disposition which, on the one side, hurried him into absurd extravagances, and, on the other side, cost him his very life in disappointed longings for the presence of his self-chosen friend.

Sense of the ridiculous,

—and susceptibility of disposition.

The case of the canary was as follows.

It belonged to the head nurse, and was kept in the day-nursery with the children. At all meal times the cage was always placed on the table, and the bird received much notice. It so happened that the children went away for a few weeks' visit.

A canary is companionable with children,

—and pines away for their loss.

Although the nurse had the bird in her room, it pined for the society of the children, refused to eat, and in a day or two was found dead at the bottom of the cage.

Mrs. Webber's story

The following story is related by Mrs. Webber in "The Song-birds of America," and shows how a bird actually died because he thought that he had lost the love of his mistress.

—of a piping bullfinch,

Mrs. Webber had just lost a pet thrush, and was inconsolable. However, a piping bullfinch was brought as a present, and liked to teach her the airs which he knew. At first the bereaved lady would not listen to him, but his winning ways quite overcame her.

—who by degrees wins her affections.

"Although I still said I did not love him, yet I talked a great deal to the bird; and as the little fellow grew more and more cheerful, and sang louder and oftener each day, and was getting so handsome, I found plenty of reasons for increasing my attentions to him; and then, above all things, he seemed to need my presence quite as much

as sunshine; for if I went away, if only to my breakfast, he would utter the most piteous and incessant cries until I returned to him; when, in a breath, his tones were changed, and he sang his most enchanting airs.

He is miserable at her absence,

—and rejoices at her presence.

"He made himself most fascinating by his polite adoration; he never considered himself sufficiently well dressed; he was most devoted in his efforts to enchain me by his melodies; art and nature both were called to his aid, until, finally, I could no longer refrain from expressing in no measured terms my admiration. He was then satisfied not to cease his attentions, but, to take a step further, he presented me with a straw, and even with increased appearance of adulation.

He pipes his best tunes for her,

—and makes her a present.

"From that time he claimed me wholly; no one else could approach the cage; he would fight most desperately if any one dared, and if they laid a finger on me his fury was unbounded; he would dash himself against the bars of his cage, and bite

He is wildly jealous,

—and attacks everyone who approaches her.

the wires, as if he *would* obtain his liberty at all hazards, and thus be enabled to punish the offender.

He awakes his mistress in the morning,

"If I went away now, he would first mourn, then endeavour to win me back by sweet songs. In the morning I was

—watches her as she is dressing,

awakened by his cries, and if I but moved my hand his moans were changed to glad greetings. If I sat too quietly at my drawing, he would become weary, seemingly, and call me to him; if I would not come, he

—and calls her in intelligible language.

would say, in gentle tone, 'Come-e-here! come-e-here!' so distinctly that all my friends recognised the meaning of the accents at once, and then he would sing to me.

"All the day he would watch me: if I was cheerful, he sang and was so gay; if I were sad, he would sit by the hour watching every movement; and if I arose from my seat, I was called 'Come-e-here;' and whenever he could manage it, if the wind

He objects to her hair,

blew my hair within his cage, he would cut it off, calling me to help him, as if he thought I had no right to wear anything

else than feathers; and if I *would* have hair, it was only suitable for nest-building. If I let him fly about the room with the painted finch, he would follow so close in my footsteps that I was in constant terror that he would be stepped upon, or be lost, in following me from the room.

—thinking that she ought to wear feathers.

He follows her about the house,

"At last he came to the conclusion that I could never build a nest. I never seemed to understand what to do with the nice materials he gave me, and when I offered to return them he threw his body to one side, and looked at me so drolly from one eye that I was quite abashed. From that time he seemed to think I *must* be a *very* young creature, and most assiduously fed me at stated periods during the day, throwing up from his own stomach the half-digested food for my benefit, precisely in the manner of feeding young birds.

—considering that she is too young to take care of herself.

He therefore feeds her from his own crop.

"But I did not like this sort of relationship very much, and determined to break it down, and forthwith commenced by coldly refusing to be fed, and, as fast as I could

She objects to being fed,

bring my hard heart to do it, breaking down all the gentle bonds between us.

—to his very great grief,

"The result was sad enough. The poor fellow could not bear it: he sat in wondering grief—he would not eat; at night I took him in my hand, and held him to my cheek; he nestled closely, and seemed more happy, although his little heart was too full to let him speak. In the morning I scarcely answered his tender love-call, 'Come-e-here;' but I sat down to my drawing, thinking if I could be so cold much longer to such a gentle and uncomplaining creature.

—and does not respond as usual to his call.

"I presently arose and went to the cage. Oh, my poor, poor bird! he lay struggling on the floor. I took him out—I tried to call him back to life in every way that I knew, but it was useless; I saw he was dying, his little frame was even then growing cold within my warm palm. I uttered the call he knew so well; he threw back his head, with its yet undimmed eye, and tried to answer; the effort was made with his

He is presently seen lying on his back on the floor.

He answers the call of his mistress,

last breath. His eye glazed as I gazed, and his attitude was never changed. His little heart was broken. I can never forgive myself for my cruelty! Oh, to kill so gentle and pure a love as that!"

—and dies in her hands.

Many of my readers will anticipate the subject of the next few pages, namely, "Greyfriars Bobby," a dog whose love of its master long survived death. I have been acquainted with the story of this faithful animal for many years—long, indeed, before the touching narrative was made public through the very prosaic medium of the tax-gatherer.

The story of "Greyfriars Bobby,"

—as elicited from the tax-gatherer

In the *Scotsman* of April 13, 1867, the following narrative appeared:—

"A very singular and interesting occurrence was yesterday brought to light in the Burgh Court by the hearing of a summons in regard to a dog-tax. Eight and a half years ago, it seems a man named Gray, of whom nothing now is known, except that he was poor, and lived in a quiet way in some obscure part of the town, was buried in Old

—at the Burgh Court.

A poor man is buried in Old Greyfriars Churchyard,

—and his grave has long been obliterated by time,

Greyfriars Churchyard. His grave, levelled by the hand of time, and unmarked by any stone, is now scarcely discernible; but, although no human interest would seem to attach to it, the sacred spot has not been wholly disregarded and forgotten. During all these years the dead man's faithful dog has kept constant watch and guard over the grave; and it was this animal for which the collectors sought to recover the tax.

—though not forgotten.

At the funeral the man's dog attended,

"James Brown, the old curator of the burial-ground, remembers Gray's funeral, and the dog, a Scotch terrier, was, he says, one of the most conspicuous of the mourners. The grave was closed in as usual, and next morning 'Bobby,' as the dog is called, was found lying on the new-made mound. This was an innovation which old James could not permit; for there was an order at the gate, stating, in the most intelligible characters, that dogs were not admitted. 'Bobby' was accordingly driven out; but next morning he was there again, and for the second time was discharged. The third

—and was found next day lying on the grave.

This being against rules he was expelled,

—but made his way in again in spite of

morning was cold and wet; and when the old man saw the faithful animal, in spite of all chastisement, still lying shivering on the grave, he took pity on him, and gave him some food.

chastisement, and was then allowed to remain.

"This recognition of his devotion gave 'Bobby' the right to make the churchyard his home; and from that time to the present he has never spent a night away from his master's tomb. Often in bad weather attempts have been made to keep him within doors, but by dismal howls he has succeeded in making it known that this interference is not agreeable to him, and latterly he has always been allowed his own way. At almost any time during the day he may be seen in or about the churchyard; and no matter how rough the night may be, nothing can induce him to forsake the hallowed spot, whose identity, despite the irresistible obliteration, he has so faithfully preserved.

Since that time he made the churchyard his home, —and watched over his master's grave,

—through the roughest weather.

"Bobby has many friends, and the tax-gatherers have by no means proved his

His fidelity gained him many friends,

enemies. A weekly treat of steaks was long allowed him by Sergeant Scott, of the Engineers; but for more than six years he has been regularly fed by Mr. Traill, of the restaurant, 6, Greyfriars Place. He is constant and punctual in his calls, being guided in his mid-day visits by the sound of the time-gun. On the ground of harbouring the dog, proceedings were taken against Mr. Traill for payment of the tax. The defendant expressed his willingness, could he claim the dog, to be responsible for the tax; but, so long as the dog refused to attach himself to any one, it was impossible to fix the ownership; and the court, seeing the peculiar circumstances of the case, dismissed the summons.

—who fed him regularly,

—but he never would attach himself to anyone,

—so that the tax was remitted,

"Bobby has long been an object of curiosity to all who have become acquainted with his history. His constant appearance in the graveyard has caused many inquiries to be made regarding him, and efforts without number have been made to get possession of him. The old curator, of course,

—though several persons would willingly have paid it if needed.

stands up as the next claimant to Mr. Traill, and yesterday offered to pay the tax himself rather than have Bobby—Greyfriars Bobby, to allow him his full name—put out of the way."

At last he died, never having passed a night out of reach of his master's grave.

Four years longer the faithful little dog kept his loving watch, and at last died, to the regret of all who knew him, never having been out of reach of his master's grave; though, in his later years, the infirmities of doggish age forced him to accept a partial hospitality of the curator. I am sure that Lady Burdett-Coutts gladdened the hearts of many lovers of animals—as she certainly did mine—when she perpetuated his memory by a lasting monument of granite and bronze. The monument is a drinking-fountain made of Peterhead granite, and surmounted by a life-size statue of Bobby in bronze.

His monument now stands to perpetuate his memory.

None but the dog could know the the position of the grave,

During the many years which elapsed between the death of his master and his own departure, the lowly grave was forgotten by all but the dog. No stone guarded it, and

not even a mound marked it. The grass and weeds grew luxuriantly over it as over the level soil around. There has been for years nothing that could mark out the grave from the surrounding soil, but the little dog knew the sacred spot under which lay his master's remains, and for hours used to stand upon it, keeping his guard. A little way from the grave is an altar-tomb, under which Bobby used to shelter himself in bad weather, and to which he always used to take the bones and other food provided for him by the generous persons whose names have already been mentioned.

—but his memory was better than that of man.

His only shelter.

I possess three photographic portraits of Bobby. One represents him as standing upon the nameless grave, which is utterly indistinguishable from the weeds and herbage around. The portrait is not quite so good as it might be; for just as the photographer had got the dog into focus, and had uncovered the lens, Bobby unfortunately caught sight of a dog passing the gate of the churchyard, and, according to custom,

Three photographic portraits of "Bobby."

"Bobby's" guardianship of the churchyard.

flew at him furiously. He did not seem to object to human beings, but a dog he never would permit to be even in sight.

The best of the three portraits is that from which the bronze statue has been taken. He is sitting on the altar-tomb above mentioned, and is looking upwards with that wistful, patient, longing, yearning expression of the countenance which was peculiar to the animal, and is conspicuous in all the photographs, however imperfect they may be.

His usual attitude and expression.

Some animals, notably dogs, have a wonderful power of returning to their beloved master, even though they have been conveyed to considerable distances. So many examples of such feats are on record, that I refrain from mentioning them, and only give one or two, the truth of which is guaranteed by my correspondents, whose letters I possess.

The "homing" power in animals,

—especially in dogs.

"A gentleman in Calcutta wrote to a friend living near Inverkeithing, on the

A collie dog is sent to Calcutta from Inverkeithing.

shores of the Firth of Forth, requesting him to send a good Scotch collie dog. This was done in due course, and the arrival of the dog was duly acknowledged. But the next mail brought accounts of the dog having disappeared, and that nothing could be seen or heard of him. Imagine the astonishment of the gentleman in Inverkeithing, when, a few weeks later, friend Collie bounced into his house, wagging his tail, barking furiously, and exhibiting, as only a dog can, his great joy at finding his master.

He arrives,

—but after a while makes his appearance at his old home,

"Of course all inquiry was made to find out how Collie got home again, when it was discovered that he had landed from a collier which had returned from *Dundee*. Inquiry was made at Dundee, when it was found that the dog had come there on board a ship from Calcutta. Now, it can be understood that the dog might have recognised the collier, as he might have seen the vessel on some former occasion at Inverkeithing; but how he should have selected, at Calcutta, a

—having gone first to Dundee, and then to his home at Inverkeithing.

Here is a problem not easy of solution,

ship bound for Dundee is not so easily explained."

There is one solution of this remarkable problem which has occurred to me. Probably, the dog, not liking the strange land and the dark faces, had slipped back to the ships with which he had been familiar at home. Recognising the well-known Scotch accent on board one of the ships, he must have got quietly on board, and, on landing at Dundee, transferred himself to the collier. This is merely conjecture, but I do not see any other mode of accounting for the dog's wonderful journey.

—except by the supposition that he could distinguish the Scotch accent.

A scarcely less wonderful feat was performed some time ago by a dog which returned to his mistress from a distance. It is true that Manchester is not so far from Holywell as India is from Scotland; but the journey, though shorter, was very much more complicated, and involved several modes of locomotion, some of which, at least, must have been adopted by the dog.

A dog makes a complicated journey

—from Manchester to Holywell.

The narrator of the story is my friend, the late J. Hatton, M.D., whose name has been perpetuated on a life-boat presented by his widow to the Dungeness station.

Dr. Hatton's story.

"Some years ago, when I lived in Manchester, I attended, for fever, a mechanic, who worked for Messrs. Sharp, Boors, and Co., the celebrated locomotive-engine makers. When he became convalescent, he went to the house of his mother, who then lived at Holywell, in Wales. After he had recruited his health, and was about to return home, his mother gave him a dog.

A Manchester mechanic

—visits his mother at Holywell, and takes back a dog.

"He led the animal from Holywell to Bagill by road, a distance of about two miles. Thence he took the market-boat to Chester, a distance of about twelve miles, if I remember right. Then he walked through Chester, and took rail for Birkenhead. From that station he walked to the landing-stage and crossed the Mersey to Liverpool. He then walked through Liverpool to the station at Lime Street. Then he took rail

There was first a walk of two miles,

—then steamer for twelve miles, then a walk through Chester, then railway, then ferry-boat, then a walk through Liverpool,

to Manchester, and then had to walk a distance of a mile and a half to his home. —then railway again.

"This was on Wednesday. He tied the dog up, went to his work on Thursday as usual; and on the Sunday following, thinking that the dog was accustomed to the place, he set it at liberty. He soon lost sight of it, and on the Wednesday following he received a letter from his mother, stating that the dog had returned to her. Now you will see that the dog went first by road, then by market-boat, then through streets, then by rail, then by steamer, then through streets again, then by rail again, and then through streets again, it being dark at the time; and yet the dog had sagacity enough to find its way back to the scene of its early recollections." —On Sunday he looses the dog, —which disappears, and reaches its home, —in spite of the complicated journey,

In this, as in other stories of a similar character, one of the most curious points is the extreme rapidity with which the animal made the journey. I do not know whether the market-boat ran on Sunday, but, at all events, the dog must have

—within some 48 hours.

achieved the distance in some forty-eight hours.

He must have taken note of his route.

That the dog in question retained a remembrance of the route by which he had travelled, and knew how to avail himself of the means of transit, I have no doubt whatever; and this notion is confirmed by the behaviour of a dog that belonged to one of my correspondents, Mr. B., who has kindly sent me several dog-biographies that came within his own experience.

A prize greyhound is taken to a new home, disappears,

He was then living in East Lothian, and had given the dog, a prize greyhound, to a friend who lived at Greigston, near Cupar, in Fife. His new owner took him home, but in a few days the dog was missing. His owner advertised his loss, and the animal

—and is captured on the pier at Burntisland, waiting for the steamer.

was captured on the pier at Burntisland, evidently waiting for an opportunity to cross in the steamer, whence he would undoubtedly have found his way back. This pier is fully twenty miles from the spot which he deserted.

I can easily understand how a dog would manage to slip on board by pretending to belong to one of the passengers. Dogs are quite alive to the social distinction between those who belong to some particular owner and those who are masterless, the latter being looked upon by themselves much as a "masterless man" was regarded in the time of Elizabeth, *i.e.* a sort of social outcast, unacknowledged by his fellows.

Dogs and their masters.

Social degradation of a masterless dog

I owed the life-long friendship of my inimitable Rory to this feeling. He was none of my dog. He belonged to a man of another college, with whom I had hardly exchanged half-a-dozen sentences. His master was obliged to cross the sea during the long vacation, and left the dog in the charge of his scout.

How I obtained "Rory."

He is left in charge of a servant,

Being always of an aristocratic turn of mind, Rory repudiated the scout altogether, and, remembering that he had been in my rooms at Merton, he paid me a visit one morning, and engaged me as his master. It was not the least use to take him back, for

—but repudiates his temporary master,

—and engages me in that capacity,

he always returned in an hour or two; and at last it was tacitly agreed that he should retain possession of me. He knew the value of a collegiate master, and was not going

—exercising his own free will.

to be fobbed off with a scout. His legitimate master having deserted him, he exercised his right of selecting a master for himself, and accordingly he chose me, and kept me, and, when we were parted, he died of grief, as has already been narrated.

I know another dog who displayed great wisdom in escaping the snares of London life.

A little dog being lost in London,

He was a beautiful little dog, just the animal whom a professional dog-stealer would be sure to snap up, if possible. One day he had been for a drive with his mistress, and, on being allowed to alight with her, had in some way been separated

—makes his way safely

from her. After a vain search she drove home, and sent the servants to try and find her lost pet. He was presently discovered by the coachman, trotting quietly home-

wards, not in haste like a lost dog, but with a composed air, and pretending that he belonged to some one who was going in the same direction.

—by pretending to belong to an imaginary master.

I have seldom met with a more curious example of the ability of a dog to find his master than is related in the following story.

Another Scotch dog story.

"Some years ago, when I lived in Fife, I was coming to Edinburgh with my eldest daughter. Zeno accompanied us to the station, about a mile from home; and as I did not wish him to come any farther, I asked a gentleman who was living with me to take him home.

Zeno accompanies his master to the Fife station,

—is given in charge to a friend,

"Just as the train was about to start I looked out to see if he had gone, when I saw him following my friend up the stairs at the station. We rattled along for a distance of about twelve or fourteen miles till we reached Burntisland, where we had to cross the Forth.

—and, as the train starts, is seen following him up the stairs.

The steamer at Burntisland is then reached,

"The day became very cold, with snow and sleet, so we hurried down to the

and after it had started,

Zeno walked into the cabin.

steamer. We had left the pier about ten minutes when a passenger, wishing shelter, opened the saloon-door, when, to my great surprise, in walked Zeno, sniffing his way up till he came to me and jumped upon my knee. How he came was a mystery to me, and ever will be. All the carriages were shut when I last saw him. I think that he must have returned and got into the guard's van; but no one could tell me, and the strange thing was that he did not get out at any intermediate station.

How he got there is still a mystery.

"I still have the old dog, and he is as dear to me as ever. Never was there his like: never did he bite, though teased by children and grandchildren. His life is now one of constant repose; and when the cord will one day snap which will sever our long and faithful connection, I shall mourn his loss as that of a friend.

His general character,

—and his old age of repose.

"Talk of 'dumb animals,' we might well take lessons from them in many things; they would even put many to shame. Yes, ours is a higher and a nobler destiny, but yet

Destiny of man and so-called "dumb" animals.

withal, methinks we might learn to profit from much we both know and hear of in the lives of our animal friends and relations."

The reader will perhaps remember that Zeno has already been mentioned under the head of "Jealousy."

Erroneous ideas of cats,

It is often, but erroneously, said that cats are selfish animals, attaching themselves to localities and not to individuals. This idea has, perhaps, some ground of truth, for it is not so easy to understand the nature of a cat as that of a dog; and when a cat is not understood, it is very likely that she cares less for the inhabitants of a house than for the house itself. But I know of many instances where cats have been in the habit of moving about with their owners, and have been as unconcerned as dogs would have been.

—who are really intelligent and affectionate,

—not to locality, but to individuals.

My cat's repeated changes of abode,

My own cat "Pret," for example, was first taken from a small house at Greenwich to a large one in the very heart of the city, where he had the range of many

cellars, but no open air. Next he went to another large house in the city, where he had no cellars, and could only get on the leads by special permission. Then he was moved into a house in the country, where he had neither cellars, leads, nor tiles, but a garden. After that we moved to a larger house in the same village, whither he followed us of his own accord.

—to varied localities,

—and his unchanged affection for us.

His mother behaved in the same way.

His mother, "Minnie," always accompanied her mistress when she was on a visit, and I have more than once taken Minnie to her mistress for a journey of several miles. Here is a corroborative letter by a lady.

Affection of the cat.

"I believe, for my part, that cats attach themselves to people and not to places. Our cats always seemed to know their masters. One, belonging to my sister, would scratch all the rest of the family, though quite gentle with her. We travelled about once for a year and a half with a favourite cat; though during that time we changed our lodgings many times, she never left us. She even seemed to know our rooms, and

A well-travelled cat

—knows the apartments of her mistress,

kept to them when there were other apartments in the same house. She used to knock at the door when she wanted to come in, and would endeavour to turn the handle by taking it between her paws. I have also seen her, when she was thirsty and could not reach the water in the jug, dipping her paws in to get it in that way. She would follow my brothers round the room when they whistled a tune, and rub her head against their hands and face, and touch their lips with her paw, as if pleased with the sound."

—and knocks at the door for admittance.

She could drink milk out of a jug,

—and was evidently fond of music.

Perhaps the reader may remember the history of Lady E.'s cat Rosy, on p. 176, Vol. II., in which it is incidentally mentioned that she always travelled with her mistress.

Rosy again.

My late esteemed friend, Mr. W. Chambers, called my attention some years ago to a story of a cat, which showed that the attachment of the animal towards man is much stronger than towards locality. He guaranteed the truth of the statement, and

Attachment to individuals, not to localities.

furnished me with the name and address of the person to whom the cat belonged.

The story is briefly as follows.

A man and his wife, living in the northern part of Scotland, near the west coast, had to move to a place on the east coast. In consequence of the expense of taking furniture by land, they travelled by sea, passing round the northern point, and landing near their new home. Having been told that cats only cared for localities and not for human beings, they, meaning all kindness, left the animal behind them. They, however, had not been long settled in their new home, when the man, on returning from work, saw a cat sitting on the wall, and found that it was actually his own cat, who, by some mysterious means, had found him out. She was hungry, emaciated, and tired, and had evidently travelled by land to the same spot which they reached by sea. The power by which she did it may be instinct, or it may be the exercise of a faculty not possessed by man.

A man and his wife, having to move from the west to the east coast of Scotland,

—go by sea,

—leaving their cat behind them.

But in a short time she makes her appearance,

—very emaciated and tired, having evidently come by land.

How did she find her master's house?

But I have related the anecdote to show how great must have been the love felt by the cat for its master, when it left the home which it knew well, and took a long and fatiguing journey to join its master in a house which it did not know.

—and how strong must have been her affection.

The following anecdote shows that the cat does love people more than places.

"Last summer we were staying for some weeks at Victoria Place, Eastbourne, and every morning the town crier came in front of our house, giving out the public amusements for that evening, and a list of articles lost. Judging from the large number of things daily missing, either visitors or inhabitants must have been a most careless race. He was the most amusing crier I ever heard, making his announcements in a semi-dramatic style and tone, which, together with a good voice and most pompous delivery, rendered these minor affairs quite important. One of the missing items especially attracted my attention.

The town-crier of Eastbourne has no sinecure,

—and dramatically announces a number of losses,

—amongst which is a

tortoise-shell Persian cat.

"'Lost, a tortoiseshell cat, of the Persian breed, with a velvet collar round its neck, rather old and very shy. Whoever will bring it to the Crier, dead or alive, shall receive ten shillings reward.'

This was continued for three weeks and then ceased.

"This was repeated for many days, and then the reward was increased to one sovereign, with the intimation that no larger sum would be offered. At about the end of three weeks the 'Cat' was taken off the list, and I inquired after the fate of poor pussy.

History of the cat.

"The cat, which was of rare beauty, had been brought to this country as a present to Lady ——, and had for years accompanied her when travelling. Soon after their arrival at Eastbourne, that love of liberty inherent in all animals, and a due appreciation of the surrounding scenery, induced pussy to stray into the woods, where she was at first hunted as a wild cat, and afterwards chased and shot at to obtain the offered reward. She contrived to escape all these dangers, and existed on the few

She had strayed into the woods, where she was hunted and shot at, but escaped,

wild birds that she could catch, until Lady —— heard of her whereabouts and went in search of her. The poor half-starved pet, on hearing the voice of her mistress calling her name, jumped on her shoulder, and thus terminated her rambles in the wild woods. It is a most dangerous mistake to offer a reward for a lost pet, 'dead or alive,'—the addition of the former word, whilst facilitating its capture, oftentimes proving its death-warrant."

—living on birds and other wild creatures.

Her mistress goes to look for her, and the cat responds to her call.

"Dead or alive."

The same lady, who communicated the preceding anecdote, has favoured me with two more, showing the attachment felt by dogs to their masters.

"A friend of ours, a great traveller, who has generally several dogs of various breeds, always takes one of them with him, making it a rule to take a different dog each voyage, in order, as he says, 'to give them all a foreign education;' home occupations preventing him from bestowing much time upon them when in England. Our dogs

A foreign education for some dogs,

—but not for others, who are left at home.

do not have this advantage, being generally left at home during our absence, in charge and under the tuition of an old housekeeper.

"Joey" could always distinguish letters written by his mistress, no matter where they were posted.

"A remarkable instance of the power of scent was manifested by our little Maltese dog, 'Joey.' Our travels are often long in duration, and far distant; but, however numerous the post-offices through which our letters passed, he could always distinguish them from others, evincing great joy when allowed to smell them, and often trying to obtain possession. He was anxiously watching the postman's knock one morning, when several letters arrived. Accidentally they all fell to the ground. Joey took advantage of his position, selected ours, and rushed off in great glee, giving the old housekeeper a famous run round the garden, and then most decidedly refusing to give up his prize. She was obliged to adopt the expedient of slipping the letter (slightly damaged) out of the envelope, and allowing

A number of letters having fallen to the ground, Joey pounces on that of his mistress, —and refuses to give it up, compromising at last for the envelope.

him to retain the latter, which he carried off in triumph to his basket."

This is the same dog of whom several anecdotes have already been related, showing his great mental capacities.

As far as I can learn, all animals have not only a capacity for the society of men, but an absolute yearning for it. This feeling may be in abeyance, as having received no development at the hands of man; but it is still latent, and may be educed by those who are capable of appreciating the character of the animal. Tigers, for example, are not generally considered the friends of mankind, and yet the Indian fakirs will travel about the country with tame tigers, which they simply lead with a slight string, and which will allow themselves to be caressed by the hands of children without evincing the least disposition to make a meal of them.

A yearning for human society in all animals, —though latent in some.

The fakirs of India and their tame tigers.

In the case of domestic animals, even the fiercest of them have this innate longing for

Even the fiercest really desire the

companionship of man.

human society, and will indulge it when they have the chance. This chance generally occurs by means of confidence on behalf of the human being. The animal is surprised to see some one who is not afraid of him, and so gives his confidence in return. The reader will perhaps remember how that eminently ferocious "Mess" became my very good friend. A somewhat similar case has just been related to me.

They appreciate confidence,

—as did "Mess."

A little girl wanders into the kennel of a ferocious blood-hound,

A little girl, about two years old, wandered from her nurse, and was lost. At last the child was found asleep in the kennel of a peculiarly savage bloodhound, named "Rob." The dog was jealously guarding his little charge, and would let no one approach, until the mother came. She called the child, who came to her, followed by Rob. She took the child home, but Rob insisted on accompanying them; and as they went, the little girl held her mother with one hand and Rob's ear with the other—the child being so small, and Rob so large, that

—who takes charge of her,

—and escorts her and her mother home.

he had to walk all the way with his head bent down.

I have read an account, but do not recollect where, of a boy who went into a stable inhabited by a notorious "savage." He did not know the character of the animal, gave him bread and other delicacies, and the horror of the groom may be imagined when one day he found the boy and the horse lying together on the floor of the stable—the boy not having the slightest idea of the character of the horse, and the horse not having the least intention of hurting the boy, but cherishing him as a valued companion.

The boy and the savage horse.

Horror of the groom at their intimacy,

—which was yet very perfect on both sides.

I have now the pleasure of giving a few little histories showing the affection which is often entertained for man by animals which he is not generally accustomed to consider as his companions. I have already mentioned an instance of friendship between a sheep and cows, and I now give two examples of the same attachment of sheep to man.

A few curious instances of friendship.

A pet lamb which was fed by the cook,

"We had a pet lamb, which was fed by the cook. When the lamb was about six weeks old, the cook became ill, and was

—follows her to her sick room,

confined to bed for some days. While she was ill, the lamb left its usual place of

—lies under her bed,

abode, lay beneath her bed, and refused all

—and refuses food.

food, although the milk was offered from the usual bottle. It did not seek nor worry the sick servant, but lay perfectly quiet under her bed.

A pet sheep whose affection

"A pet sheep of my late brother has come to end its days with us at Bassendean. This sheep was the constant out-door companion of my brother and his niece. They

—was rather a nuisance.

were, however, obliged to give up walking with him, for he would insist on pushing his way between them, and would not condescend to walk on one side."

Mistaken opinion concerning the goose,

We are rather apt to consider the goose (including gander) as a peculiarly stupid bird, and to use its name as we do that of the ass, as a synonym for folly. Yet a greater mistake could not be made in either

case. We have already been told of an ass which his master was obliged to sell because he was too clever to be kept, and led the other animals into mischief. The same writer now tells us a story of affection between a goose and a man.

—and the ass.

Affection of a goose for a man,

"A goose—not a gander—in the farmyard of a gentleman, was observed to take a particular liking to her owner. This attachment was so uncommon, and so marked, that all about the house and in the neighbourhood took notice of it; and, consequently, the people, with the propensity they have to give nicknames, and with the sinister motive, perhaps, of expressing their sense of the weak understanding of the man, called him 'Goosey.' Alas! for his admirer, the goose's true love did not yet run smooth; for her master, hearing of the ridicule cast upon him, to abate her fondness, insisted on her being locked up in the poultry-yard.

—which is much noticed by the neighbours,

—who jeered at the man,

—and gave him the name of "Goosey."

He has her locked up in the poultry-yard, to keep her out of his way.

"Well, shortly after, he goes to the adjoining town, to attend petty sessions;

During the petty sessions in

a neighbouring town,

and in the middle of his business, what does he feel but something wonderfully warm and soft rubbing against his leg,

—he finds the goose rubbing against his legs like a pet cat.

and on looking down he saw his goose, with neck protruded, while quivering her wings in the fulness of enjoyment, looking up to him with unutterable fondness. This

The by-standers laugh, and the farmer kills, as he thinks, the goose, and throws her body away.

was too much for his patience or the by-standers' good manners; for while it set them wild with laughter, it urged him to a deed he should ever be ashamed of; for, twisting his thong-whip about the goose's neck, he swung her round and round until he supposed her dead, and then he cast her on the adjoining dung-hill.

Afterwards he was seized with a serious illness,

"Not very long after, Mr. Goosey was seized with a very severe illness, which brought him to the verge of the grave; and

—and on recovering he sees the goose sitting opposite his window and watching for him.

one day, when slowly recovering, and allowed to recline in the window, the first thing he saw was his goose, sitting on the grass, and looking with intense anxiety at him. The effect on him was most alarming.

"'What!' says he, 'is this cursed bird come back to life; and am I, for my sins, to be haunted in this way?'

He was at first very much annoyed,

"'Oh! father,' says his daughter, 'don't speak so hardly of the poor bird. Ever since your illness it has sat there opposite your window; it scarcely takes any food.'

—but his daughter tells him of the affectionate conduct of the bird,

"Passion, prejudice, the fear of ridicule, all gave way before a sense of gratitude for this unutterable attachment. The poor bird was immediately taken notice of, and treated from henceforth with great kindness; and, for all that I know, goose and Goosey are still bound in as close ties as man and bird can be."

—and he at once takes her into favour.

The second story, told by the same writer from his own observation, has such a tragic conclusion that I could hardly make up my mind to print it. There is in both cases extraordinary love, amounting indeed to worship, on the part of the bird towards man. In both cases there is not only a want of reciprocity, but actual ingratitude

A story with a tragic end.

Love,

—ingratitude,

on the part of the man towards the bird—redeemed, however, in the preceding anecdote by repentance and reciprocation of friendship.

—and repentance.

"I must tell you, amongst many anecdotes I know of geese, one that came under my own observation. When a curate in the county of Kildare, my next neighbour was a worthy man who carried on the cotton-printing business, and who, though once in very prosperous circumstances, was now, in consequence of a change in the times, very poor.

A cotton-printer in Kildare

"In his mill-yard was a gander, who had been there forty years; he was the finest and the largest bird of his kind I ever saw. His watchfulness was excessive; no dog could equal him in vigilance, neither could any dog be more fierce in attacking strangers or beggars; he followed his old master wherever he went, and at his command would fly at any man or beast; and with his bills, wings, and feet he would and could hurt severely.

—has a gander in his mill-yard for forty years.

The bird acts like a watch-dog,

—follows his master, and will attack any one who is pointed out to him.

"Whenever my neighbour paid me a visit, the gander always accompanied him; and as I was liberal of oats, and had besides one or two geese in my yard, he would, before his master rose in the morning, come up and give me a call; but neither the oats nor the blandishments of the feathered fair could keep him long away, and he soon solemnly stalked back to his proper station at the mill.

He pays morning calls,

—but soon goes back to his post at the mill.

"Well, year after year I was perfecting my friendship with Toby, the gander, and had certainly a large share in his esteem; when one winter, after being confined to the house with a severe cold, I, in passing through the mill-yard, inquired for my friend, whom I could nowhere see.

One winter "Toby" was missing,

"'Oh, sir,' said the man—and he was about the place as long as Toby himself—'Toby's gone.'

"'Gone where?'

"'Oh, he is dead.'

"'How! dead?'

"'Why, we ate him for our Christmas dinner.'

—having been killed and eaten for a Christmas dinner,

—by his companion of forty years standing.

"'Ate him!'

"I think I have been seldom in the course of my life more astonished and shocked. Positively I would have given them a fat cow to eat, could I have saved poor Toby; but so it was. Upon inquiry, I found out that the poor gentleman had not means to buy his Christmas dinner; that he was too proud to go in debt, and, determined as he was to give his people a meat dinner, poor Toby fell a sacrifice to proud poverty. While honouring the man for his independence, I confess I never could look upon him afterwards without a sense of dislike. I did not either expect or desire that he should suffer as he who slew the albatross, but I was sure he would not be the better in this world or the next for killing the gander."

Reasons given for his death.

The Ancient Mariner.

In which sentiment I, and I hope all my readers, most cordially agree.

Summary. SURVEYING all these examples of love displayed towards human beings by animals, it

is impossible really to believe that such love can die. Unselfish love such as this, which survives even ingratitude and ill-treatment, belongs to the spirit and not to the body, and all beings which are capable of feeling such love must possess immortal spirits. All may not have an opportunity of manifesting it, but all possess the capacity, and would manifest it openly if the conditions were favourable.

Love belongs to the spirit, and not to the body,

—and survives the latter.

We will just run over the anecdotes which I have given. In those of the squirrel, the sparrow, the blue pigeon, the jackdaws, and the rook, we have examples to show that even in the wild animals the love of human beings can overpower that of liberty and of their own kind, and that they will forsake both liberty and their kinsfolk for the society of man. I have no doubt that this is due to their appreciation of a nature higher than their own, and the feeling that their own nature is purified and elevated by contact with man. Indeed,

Love of animals towards human beings,

—overpowering that of liberty and their own kind.

Appreciation of a higher nature.

Effect of man on different creatures.

it is a fact that, whenever man and beast are brought into contact, those which possess natures capable of elevation and development cleave to him, court him, and thrive by his presence; whereas those which are incapable of improvement perish before his presence.

Comparison between the barbarian and the savage.

The former can be civilised,

It is the same with the human race. When civilised man comes in contact with a barbarian, the latter rapidly tends towards civilisation, throws off his barbarian customs, adopts those of the superior being, learns by degrees his arts and sciences, and so gradually merges into civilisation. With the savage the case is different. He cannot learn anything good from the higher race. He may, and does, gain means by which to develop more completely his evil tendencies, but is utterly incapable of improvement. He can neither replenish the earth nor subdue it, and so he perishes before the presence of those who do, at all events, endeavour to carry out that which is the great mission of man. Wherever

—while the latter deteriorates,

—diminishes,

civilised man sets his foot, the savage dies out. —and dies off the face of the earth.

Why this is we cannot say, but it is a fact long familiar to anthropologists. The Tasmanians have all gone. I have portraits of the last three survivors, all of whom are since dead. But the strange thing is, that the race has died out for want of new births, not because it was extirpated by slaughter. For years before that final extinction of the Tasmanians, no children were born. The Tasmanians only lately extinct, —for want of new births.

A similar phenomenon, though slower in its operation, is now to be seen in New Zealand. The native race, splendid specimens of the savage as they are, become yearly fewer and fewer in the presence of the European, the births falling far short of the deaths. Even in the vegetable world the same idea is carried out, and the grand tree-ferns, as large as our oaks, are perishing before the advance of the English clover. The lower creation, if it cannot be elevated by the presence of the higher, The New Zealanders —are decaying, —and even the vegetation is changing.

dies out, and the same rule holds good with man, with beast, and with plant.

Death from grief in the lower animals.

The next division of the subject shows how intense must be the love of animals to man, when the deprivation of the object of their affection has killed them. We sometimes hear of human beings dying from a similar cause, and none of us who heard that a man or woman had died from grief at the loss of a friend would think for a moment that such intensity of love could proceed from any other source than the spirit.

Comparison with man.

Strange friendships.

Lastly, we have cases where animals, not usually made the companions of man, have, unsought, conceived a deep affection for human beings, and have cherished that love in spite of neglect, indifference, dislike, and violence. Such a love is utterly unselfish, and must issue from the same source that causes man to abandon the love of self for the love of others. It is, in fact, loving the neighbour better than one's self.

A scriptural precept fulfilled by the lower animals.

CHAPTER XV.

CONJUGAL LOVE.

Necessary Limits of Conjugal Love among Animals.—Non-pairing Animals.—Polygamous Animals.—Animals which pair for a Season.—Animals which pair for life.—Supply of spare Partners.—The Turtle-dove, the Eagle, and the Raven.—Conjugal Love in the Teal.—Picture of the "Widow."—Conjugal Love among Fishes.—The "Devil-fish" and its Fate.—The Chocollito of South America.—Faithlessness, Sorrow, and Death.—Materials for Drama.

Limit of conjugal love.

AS may easily be imagined, there are but few animals in which this kind of love can be manifested. The greater number of species have no particular mates, but simply meet almost by chance, and never trouble themselves about each other again. No real conjugal love, therefore, can exist, and it is rather curious that in such animals a firm friendship is often formed between two individuals of the same sex.

In many animals it cannot exist,

—though friendship does exist.

Polygamy among animals.

Next we come to polygamous animals, such as the stag among mammals and the domestic poultry among birds. Here is a decided advance towards conjugal love, although, as in the case of polygamous man, that love must necessarily be of a very inferior character. Here is, at all events, a sense of appropriation on either side, and, as has been already mentioned in the chapter headed "Jealousy," the proprietor of the harem resents any attempt on the part of another male to infringe on his privileges.

A sense of appropriation.

Pairing for the season,

Next we come to those examples where, as in many birds, a couple are mated for the nesting-season, but do not afterwards seem to care more for each other than for their broods of children. If, during the nesting-time, one of the pair be killed, the survivor, after brief lamentation, consoles itself in a few hours with another partner. There really seems to be a supply of spare partners of both sexes always at hand; for, whether the slain bird be male

—and a supply of spare partners.

or female, one of the same sex is sure to be ready to take its place.

Pairing for life.

Lastly, we come to those creatures which are mated for life, and among them we often find as sincere conjugal love as among monogamous mankind. Prominent among them are the eagle, the raven, and the dove; and it is remarkable that while we praise for its conjugal fidelity the turtle-dove, the type of all that is sweet, good, and gentle, we entirely forget to accredit with the same virtue the eagle and the raven, types of all that is violent, dark, and cunning. There are many anecdotes in existence of the conjugal love among such birds, but, as they are so well known, I shall not refer to them, and only mention one or two with which we are not so familiar.

Various birds well known for conjugal love.

Love of self forgotten in love of partner,

I shall give only three instances, all of which show how deeply conjugal affection can be felt by the lower animals, and how completely the love of self is forgotten in the love of the partner. In the first of these instances, life was risked in the face

—and life thought of little value.

of danger, and only spared by reason of forbearance; in the second, life was risked and lost; and in the third life was lost without the intervention of any external danger.

Conjugal love in the teal.

In Hardwicke's "Science Gossip" for 1870, p. 36, there is an account of the teal, in which the conjugal love displayed by this bird is well shown. The writer had been duck-shooting, and had just shot a mallard, when a couple of teal sprang up, alarmed at the report.

A duck is shot and falls in the mud.

"The duck, being the nearest, received the contents of the remaining barrel, and fell dead upon the soft mud at the very edge of the water.

"While speculating upon our good luck, and putting in two fresh cartridges, the cock teal, which had flown up to the other end of the pool when his mate fell, turned back, and, after flying up and down several times with mournful notes, returned to the spot whence he rose, and pitched upon the mud, close to the dead duck. Here he

Her mate returns to her body,

remained for some seconds, nodding his head and curtseying, as if about to take wing, uttering a low note the while, as if to entice away the duck, whom he appeared so loth to leave. —which he tries to resuscitate

"We were so struck at this manifestation of affection that we could not find it in our heart to shoot the poor bird, and, as we moved on to pick up his mate, he rose, and was soon out of range again." —and his life is spared in consequence of his conjugal affection.

Perhaps the reader may remember a beautiful painting by Landseer, entitled "The Widow," in which a similar scene is represented, except that it is the drake which is lying dead, and the duck which is mourning over her deceased partner. Landseer's "Widow."

Fishes are thought to be rather prosaic beings. They do not possess much expression of feature, at all events, to human eyes; and their habits and their looks are, as a rule, much on a par. Yet there is at least, one instance known in which a fish, and that a singularly hideous one, exhi- Fishes not susceptible beings as a general rule, —but there are exceptions.

bited a degree of conjugal love, which would have done honour to any human being.

The Devil-fish of the Mediterranean:

Inhabiting the waters of the Mediterranean Sea is a gigantic ray, called popularly the Devil-fish, and scientifically *Cephaloptera Massena*. These fishes are formed much like our common ray, but attain the most enormous dimensions, sometimes measuring thirty feet across the fins. The power of this fish is quite proportioned to its size. When pierced with eight or ten harpoons, and towing behind it a string of as many boats, all pulling against it, the devil-fish has been known to drag the whole line some ten miles to sea, and finally to break lose and escape, with all the weapons still sticking in its back.

—its size

—and strength.

The Mediterranean fishermen employ, in the capture of the tunny, a vast net, called a mandrague, which is separated into many chambers. In one of these nets, a female devil-fish contrived to entangle herself, was captured and taken ashore. She weighed

A female devil-fish is caught in a net.

1,328 lbs. A male who had accompanied her, but had not got into the net, was disconsolate at her capture, and for two days haunted the spot where his companion had been captured. He wandered round and round the nets, seeking for his lost mate, and was at last found in the mandrague, but dead, having died of grief.

Her mate haunted the spot for two days,

—and was then found lying dead.

The last case is that of some little South American parrots, called Chocollitos. They are charming little birds, gentle, and easily tamed. They are among the monogamous birds, and are, as a rule, strictly faithful to their marriage vows. There are, however, exceptions to most rules, and one of these is related by Froebel, in his work on South America.

The Chocollitos of South America,

—and their conjugal fidelity.

The traveller in question was a guest for a while in a house at Granada. In this house about twenty chocollitos were kept; and, as they were all brought to the house when very young, they did not form their matrimonial attachments until after

Twenty tame chocollitos

—are mated, and live happily,

their arrival. Perhaps among them the sexes were not equally divided, so as to ensure each bird a mate; but the sad fact was, that, after one pair had entered the marriage state, another male made love to the wife. The lady was weak, and yielded to the solicitations of the too fascinating lover.

—except one pair, of which the female proved faithless.

The result was, according to Froebel's own words, as follows:—"When the husband understood the whole extent of his misfortune, and after he had made the last unsuccessful attempt to bring his faithless companion back to the path of duty, the unhappy creature, heart-broken by his wrongs, took his lonely seat on the perch on which he had passed happier nights, closely pressed to the side of his partner, refused to eat or drink, and one morning was found dead on the floor below."

The male discovers his loss,

—pined away, and died of grief.

The reader may compare this narrative with that of the Mandarin duck, narrated on page 94. In both cases there was strong conjugal love; but in the former the

See the history of the Mandarin duck.

lady was faithful, and her husband avenged himself on the disturber of his domestic peace; while, in the latter, the lady was frail, and the husband died of a broken heart. Both narratives are wonderfully human, and each could furnish the plots of a sensational drama.

Materials for a drama.

CHAPTER XVI.

PARENTAL LOVE.

Absence of Filial Love among Animals.—Analogy with Human Beings.—The Savage and his Parents.—Parental Love among Animals.—The "Storgë" of Theorists.—Identity of the Feeling in Animals and Man.—Endurance of Parental Love in the Animals.—Exceptions to the general Rule.—A Cat and two Generations of Kittens.—My own Cat and her Young.—The Dog "Georgie" and her Daughter.—Abnegation of Self.—The Flycatcher and my Cat.—A released Prisoner and joyous Escape.—A courageous Swallow.—Redbreast and Viper.—Passive Courage in a Partridge.—The Whale and her Young.—A Duck's Journey, and Rescue of her Young. Do Animals have Names in their own Language?—The Mystery of Parental Love in Birds.—Love and Intellect.—Parental Love among Fishes.—The Stickleback and its Nest.—Apparent Reversion of Parental Love.—The Pipe-fishes and Sea-horses.—The Cursorial Birds and their Eggs.—A brave Spider.—Comparison between Man and Animals.

Filial love apparently absent in the lower animals.

BEFORE beginning this subject, I cannot but remark the apparently singular fact that, whereas among the lower animals we find so many instances of the love of

parents towards their offspring, we see so few, if, indeed, any trustworthy accounts of the Filial Love, or love of children towards their parents. Yet the same analogy prevails in this as in other cases which have already come before us, and we must look to man if we wish to understand the lower animals. Even human nature must be highly developed before filial love can find any place in the affections. In the savages it barely exists at all, and certainly does not survive into mature years.

Analogy with man,

—especially savage man.

Take, for example, even such fine specimens of the savage, as the North American Indian and the Fijian. The idea of being subject to their parents never enters their heads; still less does the idea of loving them. It is the glory of a North American Indian boy, at as early an age as possible, to despise his mother and defy his father. And the women are just as bad as the men. They, rejoicing in the pride of youth and strength, utterly despise the elder and feeble women,

The North American Indians and the Fijians.

Insubordination of boys encouraged.

Neglect of old women by the young,

even though they be their own mothers, and will tear out of their hands the food which they are about to eat, on the plea that old women are of no use, and that the

—even to starvation.

food will be much better employed in nourishing the young and the strong.

Then, if the tribe be on the move, and those who are old and infirm are felt to be hindrances, they settle the matter by

Abandonment of the infirm when travelling,

leaving them behind. They just salve their consciences by building a slight shelter of sticks and boughs, lighting a fire, and leaving a little water and food. But they know perfectly well that before another sun has set there will be nothing left of their victims but the bones, the

—and leaving them to the wolves.

wolves having made short work of them as soon as the tribe was out of sight. The forsaken make no complaints, neither do

The abandoned had done the same themselves and expected nothing better.

those who press forward expect a better fate; and hence it is that they all wish rather to fall in battle than to die a natural death, after feeling themselves a burden to all around them.

The charming little episode in "Robinson Crusoe," where Friday finds and rejoices over his father, is a very pretty piece of writing, but quite out of accordance with the repulsive reality of savage life.

Burying a father alive, and strangling a mother.

As to the Fijians, they have not the least scruple in burying a father alive when he begins to be infirm, and assist in strangling a mother so that she may keep him company. With regard to the Bosjesmen of South Africa and the "black fellows" of Australia, I very much doubt whether they ever have possessed the least idea that any duty was owing to a parent from a child. Nor have they much notion of duty from a parent towards the child. The father is just as likely as not to murder his child as soon as it is born—perhaps rather more likely than not; and if he be angry with any one for any reason, he has a way of relieving his feelings by driving his spear through his wife or child, whichever happens to be nearest.

Among the very lowest savages there is scarcely any parental love,—parents murdering their children on the slightest or no provocation.

Even the mother treats her child rather

Even the mothers abandon their children at a very early age.

worse than a cow treats her calf, and leaves the tiny creature to shift for itself at an age when the children of civilised parents can scarcely be trusted to pass a quarter of an hour alone.

Thus, filial love seems to be wholly wanting in the savage.

This being the case with parental love, it may be easily imagined that filial affection can have but little opportunity of development, and I very much doubt whether in the true savage it really exists at all in the sense in which we understand it.

By analogy, therefore, we cannot expect to find it in the lower animals.

As, therefore, we find that in the lower human races filial love either is very trifling, or is absolutely non-existent, we need not wonder that in the lower animals we find but few, if any, indications of its presence.

Parental love

We now proceed to the subject of this chapter, namely PARENTAL LOVE, and the various modes in which it develops itself.

There are many writers who assert that parental love in the lower animals is not

identical with that of man. They say that it is only a sort of blind instinct, and, in order to mark more strongly the distinction between man and beast, call the parental love of the latter by the name of "storgë." For myself, I really fail to see any distinction between the two, except that in civilised man the parental love is better regulated than among the lower animals. But, as we have already seen, among the uncivilised races it is not regulated at all, and, indeed, many of the beasts are far better parents than most savages.

—in man and beast.

Attempt to draw a distinction between them.

They only differ in the amount of regulation.

Neither can I understand why the word "storgë" should be applied to parental love among the lower animals, and not to the same feeling in man. The word is used by Greek writers, together with the verb from which it is formed, to signify the love between human parents and children. For example, in Plato we have the term used for mutual love between parents and children—"The child loves, and is

The word Storgë is applied by the Greeks not only to the lower animals,

—but to man.

loved by its parents;" and the same word is used in the same sense in several passages of Sophocles and other writers.

Relative endurance of parental love,

One argument which is always employed by those who deny the identity of the feeling in both cases is, that parental love endures throughout life in man, while in the lower animals it expires with the adolescence of the young. This statement is partly, but not entirely, true. As a rule, it is true with civilised man; but, as I have already shown, the parental love of a savage does not last longer than that of a bird, a cat, or a dog, taking into consideration the relative duration of life. And the reason is the same in both cases. Were parental love to exist through life in the savage, the bird, or the beast, the race would soon become extinct. Neither is able to support their children longer than their time of helplessness. The beast and the bird cannot, and the savage will not, provide for the future, and if the young

—in civilised man, the savage, and the beast.

Reasons for its early extinction in the savage and the beast.

Inability to provide for the future.

had to depend upon their parents for subsistence they would soon perish of hunger.

There are, however, exceptions to this general rule, and always, as far as I can see, in domesticated animals whose means of subsistence are already ensured. Several of such cases have lately come before my notice. One has been already narrated under a different heading, *i.e.* "Sympathy," p. 175, where some traits of two cats, a mother and daughter, are recorded. I here present the reader with another anecdote of parental love surviving adolescence. It is a very remarkable story, because we see, in the first place, the usual law prevailing, and the once-favourite child driven away in anticipation of a new family. That family having perished, the original parental love resumed its sway, and the very child which she had angrily expelled from her presence was recalled, and all the treasures of her maternal tenderness poured out upon him.

A few exceptions to the general rule,

—especially in the cat.

Parental love surviving adolescence,

quenched for a time,

—and then re-illumined.

"A cat, long an inmate of this house,

A cat is allowed to rear one kitten;

kittened this spring, and one of her offspring, a Tom, being given her to rear, she proved a most fond and solicitous mother. The kitten grew and throve, and soon became a very fine and playful young cat. The maternal feelings were constantly developed, the mother calling it, licking it, sharing and promoting its frolics, and exhibiting the tenderest anxiety and jealousy whenever any strange person approached.

—which thrives, and

—is a great favourite with its mother,

"In the midst of this exuberant affection a change passed over the cat, and the young one suddenly became the object of hate and irritation to the formerly loving mother. She would not allow it to approach her; and if it only dared to look at her, she would spit and hiss and fly at it, becoming absolutely savage when she found it near her.

—who suddenly takes a dislike to her child,

—and drives it away,

"It soon became evident that there would be another litter of kittens, and this sudden change of manner was probably instinctive on the part of the cat,

—probably with instinctive prescience of harm.

who found herself unable to join in the usual gambols.

"One day, however, a second revulsion of feeling took place; she called her first-born in the most tender and yearning tones, and tried to entice it up-stairs with her. She was so anxious to have her son with her, that she even tried to drag him up-stairs by the neck as she used to do when he was a little kitten.

Her affection suddenly returns,

—and she restores her son into favour

"Two days afterwards, the second family was born, and all of them met a watery death. The cat did not seem to miss or regret her lost young, but took back her first-born in their place. Though as large as its mother, it at once resumed all the habits of its infancy, sucking as it had been accustomed to do. The mother licked and caressed it, just as if it had been a new-born kitten, and displayed the greatest anxiety when the postman or any stranger approached. The young Tom still continues to suck, though he has caught many mice and eaten them."

She has another family, which are drowned,

—so she takes back her son in their place,

—and treats him just as if he had been a newly-born kitten.

A similar occurrence in my own house,

A very similar event occurred last year (1873) in my own house. My cat, called by the children "Duckie," had a family, out of which two were saved. These grew to be cats, and, in the ordinary course of events, were sent off by their mother. In the meanwhile a new family arrived, but, as we already had three cats in the house, they were at once dismissed from a world in which there was no place for them. Their mother immediately took the two former kittens into favour; and the oddest thing was, that she treated them exactly as if they had been tiny helpless kittens a few days old.

—a litter of kittens being abolished,

—and two adult cats taken in their stead.

Comparison with human beings,

Her conduct reminded me very much of that which we often see in parents, especially if they live with or near their children. They really cannot understand that a man of forty, or a woman of thirty, are anything more than children, and are greatly discomposed whenever these elderly children venture to think or act for themselves. It is the same with old servants;

—especially the conduct of parents

—and old servants.

and there are many parents of large families, who to the old nurse remain "Master Tommy" or "Miss Emily" to the end of the chapter.

Parental affection enduring in a dog.

The next anecdote relates to the dog, and shows that in a civilised dog, so to speak, parental affection can endure as in a civilised human being.

A dog and her daughter

"My dog, 'Georgie' (short for Georgina), has a daughter, named 'Poppie,' whose father was a collie, she herself being a retriever. People said that it was not safe to keep a mongrel of that description, but experience has proved the mistake.

—retain their affection for five years,

"She is now (1873) five years old, and the affection which exists between mother and daughter is really beautiful. They always sit close together, and Georgie playfully pinches her daughter all over. If they have been separated by any chance, the daughter comes up wagging her tail, and then licks her mother's nose and mouth.

—and always welcome each other after a temporary separation.

They go out rabbit-hunting together,

"Sometimes they go out rabbit-hunting together, and always act in concert. Each of them takes an opposite side of a whin-bush, and one keeps watch while the other scrapes. They perfectly comprehend the meaning of each whine or bark, and no two ladies could understand their own language better than did these dogs, or be more companionable to each other."

—and communicate with each other in their own language,

—showing that they can convey definite ideas to each other.

Here is also another proof of the fact that animals have a language of their own by means of which they can convey definite ideas to each other, nearly, if not quite, as well as we can do with the aid of words.

Abnegation of self

One of the most beautiful characteristics of parental love is the utter abnegation of self which it gives. This is chiefly shown when the young are in danger. A human mother in charge of her child will defy a danger before which she would shrink if alone, and in defence of her offspring will dare deeds of which most strong men would be incapable. For the time her selfhood is

—in presence of danger,

extinguished, and her very being is merged into that of the child; and rather than a hair of that child's head should be touched, she would calmly consent to endure the worst tortures that could be inflicted upon her. Indeed, if she would not do so, she would be no true mother, and would degrade herself below the beasts and the birds, who have no hesitation in performing that duty to their offspring, though *savants* do say that they only possess "storgë," whatever they may mean by it, and not parental love. I will now give a few instances of the marvellous courage inspired by parental love in the lower animals.

—the self-hood being for the time extinct,

—and her being merged in that of her child.

She will endure pain without murmur,

—whether she belong to man or beast.

Instances of courage.

Every one who has paid even a passing attention to the habits of birds must have noticed that the spotted fly-catcher has a habit of selecting some favourite perch, which it frequents from day to day, scarcely ever changing its haunts. From its coign of vantage it keeps anxious watch around, and when it sees an insect on the wing, dashes off, captures it, and returns with its

The spotted fly-catcher,

—and its habit of frequenting a favourite spot

—when engaged in pursuing food.

prey to its perch. It may possibly catch insects when they are not on the wing, but I never knew a fly-catcher do so.

A young mulberry-tree in my garden

In my garden there is a young mulberry-tree, which is highly prized, having been sent specially from Japan, and being the only survivor of six, the others being all killed by nocturnal cats, who found the stems exactly suitable for sharpening their

—is found to be the favourite perch of a fly-catcher.

claws. Of course the young tree was watched with exceeding care, and it was soon seen to become the favourite perch of a spotted fly-catcher.

After a while the bird's movements become very remarkable,

The bird followed the usual customs of its kin, but after a while it began to act in a very strange manner, fluttering backwards and forwards between the house and the tree, chirping in a loud and distressed tone, and evidently possessed by anger as well as

—and are evidently caused by a cat,

fear. The cause of its extraordinary action was soon seen to be a cat, which was

—who was watching a ventilation-grate.

crouching in front of the ventilation-aperture of the ground floor, and apparently watching something behind the bars. The

bird tried in vain to draw off the cat's attention, fluttering so closely that I feared lest pussy should strike it down, and even at times pecking at the animal's tail. The bird attacks the cat, at the risk of her life,

On removing the cat, a young bird was seen within the grating, evidently the offspring of the fly-catcher. These birds have a way of building their nests in very odd places, and I surmise that in the present case the parents must have made their way through a hole under the steps, and so have reached the ventilating-shaft. —in defence of a young fly-catcher within the grate.

As soon as the cat had been removed, the mother-bird, regardless of my presence, flew to the grating and began to feed the young one. She then went off to a little distance and called her offspring. The poor little bird did all in its power to get through the bars, fluttering its wings and answering its mother with piteous chirps. I felt quite uneasy about them both, for the cat was sure to come back again, and the mother was so bold and reckless in her assaults that I feared for her life; and if she had The cat being removed, the mother begins to feed her young, —and tries to get it into the open air, —in peril of her life,

—which would have involved that of her young.

been killed, the young one must have died of hunger.

So I tried to see whether the young bird was sufficiently fledged to use its wings, as in that case it might be let out; but it was so timid that it retreated into the darkness as soon as I approached, and would not let me examine it. An opera-glass, however, overcame the difficulty, and, finding that the young bird was fully fledged, I cut away one of the bars so as to leave a passage, and went to some little distance.

The young bird is very timid,

—but is seen to be fully fledged.

A bar is cut out of the grate,

The mother, who was anxiously watching me from the roof of an outbuilding, went at once to the spot, and, after much calling, induced her offspring to come out of the aperture which had been made for it. The delight of the two was beautiful to see; but the mother evidently had the cat in her mind, and did not mean to waste any time in placing her child in safety. So she induced it by degrees to follow her up the branches of an apricot-tree, and thence to

—when the mother coaxes her child through it,

the roof of the house, where even a cat could not follow. —and then to the roof of the house.

In his "Birds of Ireland," vol. i. page 115, Thompson relates an anecdote of a spotted fly-catcher. It had chosen for its resting-place the unglazed window of an outhouse at Beechmount, and had there built a nest "which was so composed of cobwebs inside and outside that no other material was visible. From its choice of this fragile building substance, the spotted fly-catcher is called 'cobweb-bird' in some parts of England. On the nest alluded to being approached, when it contained young, the parent bird was very bold, flying angrily at the intruder, uttering shrill cries, and approaching him so near that it might almost have been struck with his hand." Another anecdote of the fly-catcher. It built a nest in an outhouse, —and in defence of its young attacked any one who approached,

The same writer mentions that the spotted fly-catcher is equally bold towards other birds, beating away all which dare to approach their nest. It is perhaps worthy of notice that, in the instance which I myself observed, I did not once see the male bird; —even driving away other birds.

possibly he may have fallen a victim to the cat.

Maternal courage in the swallow.

The swallow is equally courageous in defence of her nest. Some little time ago, there was a swallow's nest in the porch of the rectory at Adisham—the bird being, of course, carefully protected. Not knowing

A nest made in a porch,

of the nest, I happened to be standing near the porch, and was much annoyed by a swallow, which persisted in flying round and round, uttering its shrill screaming cries, and occasionally darting close to my

—uneasiness and boldness of the mother

face. It was not until some little time had elapsed that I suspected the cause of the bird's behaviour, and then, on looking

—in defence of her young,

round, saw the nest and the young in an angle of the porch.

—the love of offspring overpowering the love of life.

In all these cases, the bird had no hesitation in matching itself against foes from which it would have shrunk in terror had not the love of offspring overpowered the love of life. It does not in the least matter what the foe may be, the parent attacking

the most powerful enemy with as little hesitation as if the relative proportions of size and strength were reversed. A snake, for example, is specially feared by birds, especially if it be a venomous one; and yet, if a snake threaten the nest of a bird, she will not hesitate to attack as fiercely as if the poison-fangs belonged to her, and not to her foe. The following account, published in the *Dumfries Courier*, 1853, shows how completely parental love will overcome fear, and will induce a feeble bird to fiercely attack a creature from which she would have fled but for the supreme power of love:—

Instinctive dread of snakes

—overcome by love of young.

Story of a red-breast.

"While Mr. Charles Newall, granite-hewer in Dalbeattie, was plying his vocation at Craignair quarry, his attention was suddenly arrested by cries strongly indicative of distress, proceeding from one or other of the feathered denizens of the wood.

Cries of distress are heard in a quarry

"On throwing from him his tools, and hurrying to the spot where the sounds pro-

—and are found to proceed from a red-breast

—whose nest was being invaded by a viper,

—which was trying to devour her young.

ceeded, he discovered a robin, apparently in a state of the greatest agitation, whose movements immediately certified him of the true cause of alarm. An adder, twenty inches long and one inch in circumference, had managed to drag itself up the face of the quarry, and was at that moment in the very act of protruding its ugly head over the edge of a nest, built among the stumps of cut-down bushwood, which contained poor Mother Robin's fledged offspring.

"Her maternal instinct prompted her to the only defence of which she was capable. She was engaged, when Mr. Newall first got his eye on her, in alternately coming down, the one moment upon her spoliator, darting her beak into its forehead, and anon rising on the wing to the height of a yard or so above the scene of danger. It was the act of a moment for Mr. Newall to dislodge the aggressor; but, in doing so, two of the little birds were thrown out of their nest, where, however, they were speedily and carefully replaced.

She was boldly attacking the invader

—by flying at it and pecking it in the head.

The snake is killed by the spectator,

"While Mr. Newall was engaged in killing the adder, the joy of the parent-bird was so excessive that she actually perched on the left arm of her benefactor, and watched with an unmistakable and intense delight every blow inflicted by his right arm upon her merciless and disappointed enemy; and when that enemy was dead, she alighted upon and pecked the lifeless trunk with all her vigour. Revenge thus taken, she entered her nest, and, having ascertained that all was safe, swiftly repaired to a neighbouring branch and piped, as she best could, what was no doubt meant for a hymn of gratitude and a song of triumph.

—and the red-breast perches on his arm.

She afterwards wreaks her vengeance upon the reptile's body,

—and then expresses her gratitude,

"When at work since, Mr. Newall has been evidently recognised by the tiny biped; and we do hope that nothing may occur to interrupt a friendship originating in circumstances so specially interesting."

—afterwards maintaining a friendship for her human ally.

In this account we have several characteristics common to man and the lower animals. First, there is parental affec-

Parental affection,

courage, reason, and revenge existing in the bird as they might do in man.

tion; next there is courage emanating from that effect; then there is reason, which told the bird that the man, whom it would have regarded as an enemy but for his attack on the snake, was really a friend; lastly, there is revenge, inducing the bird to peck at the body of its dead foe, just as a savage insults and mutilates the carcase of a slain enemy.

Habits of the viper,

From the description of the snake which is here given, it is tolerably evident that the reptile was a viper, those creatures having a special habit of climbing trees and robbing birds of their young. It has often been found by those who have killed vipers, that, after receiving the first stroke, the reptile has opened its mouth and disgorged several young birds, in order to lighten itself and enable it to escape more quickly.

—its fondness for young birds

—shown by positive proof.

Distinction between the viper and the grass-snake.

The common, harmless snake, sometimes called the "grass-snake," mostly contents itself with frogs.

The preceding anecdotes show active

courage in the parent; but in Hardwicke's "Science Gossip" for 1873, page 204, there is an interesting account of passive courage in the partridge.

The Partridge as a parent.

"The affection and solicitude of the female partridge for her young is very great, and instances are frequently seen by the rural naturalist in his rambles. The closeness with which she will sit when about hatching is remarkable. I once found a nest containing seventeen eggs, on which the female was sitting, and, instead of flying rapidly away when I approached, she allowed me to stroke her glossy head and soft plumage, seeming to appreciate the familiarity. Her confidence gained its reward, as all of the eggs were duly hatched.

Her solicitude for her young

—when sitting, the bird seems incapable of fear,

—and will allow herself to be handled,

"A gentleman in this neighbourhood, when jumping across a hedge, alighted with a foot on each side of a partridge-nest, where the female was sitting. The affectionate bird did not stir, even allowing the gentleman to stroke and fondle her.

—as has been proved by more than one observer.

How partridges will simulate lameness,

But more admirable still is the address with which both male and female will draw the spectator away from the neighbourhood of their brood. Last July, when walking along the highway, I disturbed two partridges near some tall grass. With startled cries they whirred away, and alighting a few yards off, in the middle of the road, went through a series of manœuvres, as if desperately wounded, both of them grovelling along on their bellies in the dust, and seeming to tumble over and over in their eagerness. Stopping some distance off, they began to utter curious plaintive cries.

—and try to decoy trespassers from their nest

—by strange gestures and cries,

"Being somewhat in a hurry, I did not institute a search for the cause of this little drama, the young; but I have seen a similar instance, in which case I captured one of the plump little chicks, and held it for a time in my hands; but the distress of the old bird became so great, that I soon released it. In June, 1868, a pair of partridges had their nest in the clover

—which would increase when one of the young was captured.

field opposite, the mowers thoughtfully leaving a tuft of clover to shield the nest. It was very amusing to see how careful the old birds were to prevent attention being drawn to their almost exposed nest. Both of them would go in search of food, and then fly back into the field together; alighting within a few yards of the nest, and having anxiously scanned the neighbourhood for a time, the female would slily approach in a crouching attitude, and creep into the nest."

A nest which is left unmolested by the mowers —is carefully watched by the birds, —which return to their nest in a circuitous manner.

The proverbial skill of the lapwing in feigning lameness is too familiar to need description.

It is, perhaps, scarcely necessary to cite here the shamefully cruel plan that was formerly used by whalers to secure their prey. If they met with a young whale, or "calf," as they called it, they always used to harpoon it, knowing that its mother would come to its rescue, and be so regardless of her own safety that there was

Love of the whale for its young, —and cruel mode formerly used of taking advantage of it,

neither difficulty nor danger in harpooning her also.

—now abandoned on commercial grounds.

I believe that this atrocious custom is now abandoned, though, I fear, from commercial rather than conscientious motives. The calf is all but useless, whereas, if it were allowed to live, it would grow into a whale, and fill sundry barrels that would otherwise have to go home empty. The fact, however, remains, that the whale is so utterly forgetful of self, when its offspring is in danger, that it neglects its usual wary habits, and so falls a victim to parental affection.

Forgetfulness of self.

Parental affection in a duck.

The following curious story of parental affection was communicated to me by a lady expressly for this work.

"About five years ago (in 1868) our steward and his wife lived in the lodge at our east gate, distant about half a mile from the house. As a favour, the steward's wife allowed a common duck to sit upon a number of duck's eggs, which, according

She hatches some eggs,

to agreement, were to be taken away as soon as they were hatched. In due time the eggs were hatched, and the young ducklings removed to our house, and placed in the poultry-yard, under the charge of a hen who had already a few ducklings to look after. The yard in question is protected by a wall nearly three feet high, and upon this wall is a wire netting seven feet in height.

—but the young are removed as soon as hatched,

—and placed with other ducklings under the charge of a hen, at the distance of half a mile.

"In the afternoon of the same day, the mother duck (who had never left the lodge in her life) came waddling up all the way to the stables, got on the top of the wall, and managed to get her own little ducklings through the wire netting. Having done this, she took them back to the lodge, leaving the hen in quiet possession of the ducklings of which she previously had charge.

The mother duck finds out her young,

—gets them through a wire net,

—and takes them home.

"As soon as this was known, the ducklings were again taken to the house, and the duck shut up in a dark place at the lodge for two days. But no sooner did she gain

They are again removed,

—but are again tracked by their mother,

her liberty, than she made another journey to the poultry-yard, and again began to drag her offspring through the wire net, this time killing one by letting it fall off the dyke. I therefore bought the duck from her owner, placed her in the poultry-yard, and allowed her to bring up her brood peacefully in her own way."

—who is at last allowed to retain possession of them.

How did she find her young?

How did this duck find out her young? I imagine that it must have been by the sense of hearing. Ducklings, when separated from their mother, or when lost, always make a considerable outcry. The mother-duck had probably heard them crying, had gone off in the same direction, and when she got near the poultry-yard, had been directed by their voices. It is, moreover, evident that both the mother and the children must have understood each other's language, as by no other means could she have called her young brood to the fence, and directed them to remain there while she pulled them through one by one.

Probably by the sense of hearing, ducklings being noisy birds.

They must have had an intelligible language.

Nomenclature among animals.

It really seems, in this as in many other instances, as if, in their own language, the animals had names known to themselves, and the Robin, Dicky, Flapsy, and Pecksy of fiction to be not so much fictitious as we might fancy. In feeding their young, birds always take them in their proper turn, and how they can do so without some means of calling them by name, especially in the case of birds which hatch many eggs in each brood, is more than I can understand. Both birds and animals know and answer to names given to them by man in human language, and I see no reason why they should not equally know and answer to names given by themselves in their own language.

Regular rotation in feeding the young.

They can understand names given by man, and may have their own given by themselves.

Parental love in mammalia and birds,

I may here mention that the love of a bird for the young which she hatches has always been somewhat of a problem to me. In the case of the mammalia, there is no difficulty in understanding that the mother should feel love for the creature who is

—intelligible in the former,

absolutely part of herself—whose very life-blood is drawn from her veins. But this is not necessarily the case with birds. If, as it often happens with poultry, the eggs of several hens are placed under one bird for hatching, the hen who hatches them knows no difference between the chickens that proceed from her own eggs and those which are developed from the eggs laid by others.

—but not so in the latter,

—as birds love their foster children as much as their own,

This curious trait of character holds good, even where the eggs belong to birds of different species. Take, for example, the very common instance of a brood of ducklings being hatched and reared by a barn-door hen. The hen displays as much affection for the young ducklings as if they had proceeded from her own eggs, and this in spite of the disparity of instinct and habit, which becomes stronger in proportion to the ducklings' growth.

—even if they are of a different species,

—as shown in ducklings hatched under a hen.

May it not be that parental love may have different channels of transmission, and that in such a case as this the ema-

The different channels of transmitting love.

nation from the sitting hen may be the vehicle of parental love towards the young which are to be hatched? Certain it is to those who observe, that a sitting hen is altogether a changed being, both in attitude and expression. She is entirely absorbed in the eggs which she is incubating, and, though she may not have intellect enough to distinguish a plaster-of-paris imitation or a mere lump of chalk from one of her own eggs, love is independent of intellect, and may exist in all its strength, though it may be wasted on an unworthy object.

The sitting hen and her demeanour.

Love independent of intellect.

As I have already remarked, under the heading of "Conjugal Love," fishes are not particularly emotional beings, and are not likely to entertain a lasting love for anything. Indeed, in some cases, parental love would be absolutely useless, as in the case of the cod-fish, which could hardly be expected to entertain a special love for each of the countless thousands of young which it produces every year. At least,

Fishes as parents

—are mostly neglectful of their young,

—in accordance with the laws of nature.

if such were the lot of the mother, her life would be anything but enviable, considering the varied foes that beset her eggs as soon as they are produced, and her young as soon as they are hatched.

There are, however, exceptions,

Just, however, as there are fishes which possess conjugal love, so there are fishes which possess parental love, and the chief of these is the stickleback. Many accounts have been written of the proceedings of this remarkable fish, but the best that I have seen was written by the late J. Keast Lord, in his "Naturalist in British Columbia." And the curious point is, that parental love in the case of the stickleback belongs to the father, and not to the mother. Indeed, as there is one father and a considerable number of mothers, it is the only arrangement that could be made.

—such as the stickleback,

—and in this case the father, and not the mother, looks after the young.

Inversion of the ordinary rule in life.

Inverting the usual order of things, the whole labour of providing for the young, which is very considerable, devolves upon the male, the female doing nothing except lay her eggs, and let the male look after them.

Mr. Lord's description of his proceedings must be given in his own words. Mr. J. K. Lord's description.

"I have often, when tired, lain down on the bank of a stream beneath the friendly shade of some leafy tree, and, gazing into its depths, watched the sticklebacks either guarding their nests already built or busy in their construction. The site is generally among the stems of aquatic plants, where the water always flows, but not too swiftly. Usual site of the nest,

He first begins by carrying small bits of green material, which he nips off the stalks, and tugs from out of the bottom and sides of the banks. —obtaining material,

These he attaches by some glutinous material, that he clearly has the power of secreting, to the different stems destined as pillars for his building. —and attaching them together.

"During this operation he swims against the work already done, splashes about, and seems to test its durability and strength; Testing the solidity of the work,

rubs himself against the tiny kind of platform, scrapes the slimy mucus from his sides to mix with and act as mortar for his vegetable bricks. Then he thrusts his nose

—and strengthening it with sand

into the sand at the bottom, and, bringing a mouthful, scatters it over the foundation. This is repeated until enough has been thrown on to weight the slender fabric down, and give it substance and stability.

—until the fish is satisfied.

Then more twists, turns, and splashings, to test the firm adherence of all the materials that are intended to constitute the foundation of the house that has yet to be erected on it.

Shape of the completed nest.

"The nest, or nursery, when completed, is a hollow, somewhat rounded, barrel-shaped structure, worked together much in the same way as the platform fastened to the water-plants; the whole firmly glued together by the viscous secretion scraped

Its smooth lining.

from the body. The inside is made as smooth as possible by a kind of plastering system; the little architect continually goes in, then turning round and round works the mucus from his body on to the inner sides of the nest, where it hardens like

Its doors for entrance and exit.

a tough varnish. There are two apertures, smooth and symmetrical as the

hole leading into a wren's nest, and not unlike it."

I have seen plenty of these little nests, and always regretted the extreme difficulty of preserving such beautiful specimens of fish-architecture. Unfortunately, although they answer very well as long as they are under water, they do not hold together when removed into the air, the peculiar cement not being sufficiently strong to bear the unsupported weight of the materials.

Difficulty of preserving the nest out of water.

Having thus prepared his house, the fish sets off in search of a partner to grace it. This she does but for a very short time, simply passing in at one aperture and out at the other, remaining some five minutes in the nest, and during that time depositing her eggs. Having finished, she passes out, followed by the male, who goes and fetches another female, and repeats this process until the nest is furnished with as many eggs as it can hold.

Search for a partner,

—and her behaviour.

Her successors, and the mode of depositing the eggs.

He then places himself on guard, and watches his treasure as vigilantly and

The stickleback on guard,

fiercely as a tigress watches her cubs. He often has to fight hard battles, for there is no delicacy so loved by fish as the roe of other fish, even of their own species; and the nest is sure to be beset by sticklebacks or other fish, and water-beetles, trying to get at the eggs. For some six weeks he keeps this anxious watch, and even when the young are hatched he does not desert his post. It is said that he will not allow them to wander far from the nest, and that if one of them should stray beyond certain limits, he will seize it and bring it back again.

—and his battles.

His many foes.

Care of the young when hatched.

In the encounters which he has to undertake, he runs much risk of losing his life; for the sharp spines with which the body is armed are weapons which can be used with fatal dexterity. Each fish tries to force its way under the other, and, if it can succeed, rises rapidly, and drives the spines into the sides or belly of its adversary, often causing its death, and always wounding it seriously. Even in fishes, then, we see parental love

Dangers which he encounters.

How the sticklebacks fight,

—often to the death,

sufficiently developed to induce the male stickleback to remain for six weeks on guard, to fight any foe that may attempt to rob him of his treasure, and to risk, and sometimes to lose, his life in the defence of his offspring.

—thus showing the strength of their parental love.

The reader will not fail to have noted the curious fact that, whereas parental love is, in nearly all creatures, chiefly manifested in the mother, in this case the mother never troubles herself about the fate of the eggs which she has deposited, but leaves them all to the father. Neither does she take any share in the preparation of the nest, the whole of the labour belonging to the male, who has to gather materials, make the nest, get it stocked with eggs, guard it at the risk of his life, and see the young safely started in life. The human parallel is too obvious to need mention.

The female takes no trouble,

—but leaves all the labour to the male,

—together with the long watch and risk of life.

There are other fishes in which the male takes the chief part in the incubation of the eggs. Such, for example, are the curious Lophobranchiate fishes, of which the common

Lophobranchiate fish.

The pipe-fish and the sea-horse.

bill-fish, or pipe-fish, and the quaint little sea-horse are good examples. The former, by the way, is much more plentiful than is

Whitebait and its constituents.

generally supposed, and I have found many of them served up among the tiny fishes which are called by the general name of whitebait. In all these fishes the males are provided with some special apparatus, such

Mode of hatching the eggs.

as a pouch, a double ridge of skin, &c., by means of which the eggs are attached to the body of the male until they are hatched.

Then there are certain birds, mostly

Cursorial birds and their young.

belonging to the Cursoria or that group of which the ostrich is the type, the females of which take no trouble about their eggs after laying them, but depute the whole of that business to their mates.

Parental affection in a spider.

An instance where a spider defended its eggs against most formidable enemies is narrated by Mr. F. C. Rawlins, in Hardwicke's "Science Gossip" for April, 1873.

In a recent number I saw some inte-

resting matter relative to spiders and their poisoning apparatus. The following, which comes from personal observation, will vouch for the efficacy of this apparatus, and also show what a weapon of defence it becomes when the parental instinct is roused by an attack upon the offspring.

One use of the poison-fangs.

"One day in the autumn I captured a fine specimen of the garden spider (*Epeira diadema*), which was running over a flower border, skilfully conveying the precious filmy bag of eggs underneath its body, over the various obstacles which impeded its progress. It did not seem averse to the shelter afforded by a small wooden box, and remained at one end with its treasure so contentedly that I left it for a few moments, and placed it on the top of a dahlia-pole.

The spider is conveying her eggs to a place of safety,

—is placed in a box,

—which is fixed on the top of a pole.

"On returning I discovered that an exploring party, consisting of four ants, was scaling the walls of the fortress. Until they were fairly within its walls the spider seemed unaware of their approach; and, in fact, until a forcible attempt was made by

Four ants ascend the pole,

—and try to steal the eggs.

the intruders to grapple with the egg-bag, it remained strangely apathetic. But this insult offered to the helpless young was too much. It darted forwards and assailed the foremost. It was a tough fight—four to one, but the valiant mother conquered in the end; for three of the invading foe lay dead (evidently poisoned by a venomous bite), and the fourth was fairly driven off. The victor then retired with her insulted property to a corner, and I carried off the box.

The spider dashes forwards and fights them,

—killing three and driving off the fourth,

—and carrying her treasure to a corner of the box.

"An untimely escape prevented an experiment I hoped to make, viz., of trying to tame this member of the usually disliked Arachnida family."

Object of the selection of anecdotes, is to show the identity of parental love in man and beast,

It would have been easy enough to fill the whole of the book with stories of true parental love among the lower animals, but I have selected these in order to show that the feeling is identical in man and the lower animals, although, of course, the mode of manifesting it must differ. First, we see the untruth of the theory that parental love

is life-enduring in man and only brief among the animals. We see that, in proportion to the duration of life, it is quite as brief among the savages as among the animals. Then we have examples where parental love has been lost and then restored, and also where it never was lost at all.

—and that it is equally powerful and equally enduring in both.

We see how, in the animals as well as in man, parental love causes complete abnegation of self, the parents living for their children, and not for themselves. We see how it gives strength to the weak, and courage to the timid; that even the very fishes and the spiders are amenable to the same influences as man, and that parental love, one of the highest and holiest feelings of which a living and immortal soul can be capable, is shared equally by man and beast, according to their respective capacities.

Also that it inspires unselfishness, strength, and courage in the lowest animals as well as in man.

CHAPTER XVII.

THE FUTURE STATE.

Immortality of Man as treated in the Old Testament.—The lower Animals not thought unworthy of a Divine Law.—Man and Beast equally liable to Punishment for the same Crime.—Instinctive belief in Immortality.—The Spirit of Animals developed by communion with the Spirit of Man.—Opinions of various writers on the subject.—Eugenie de Guérin and Mrs. Somerville—The contemplative and logical Minds.—Southey's Epitaph on his Dog.—Lamartine on a similar subject.—The Doctrine of apparent Inequality and Compensation.—How to reconcile Pain and Suffering with Divine Justice.—The different Lots of Man and Beast.—The Object of Suffering.—Individuality connected with Immortality.—Individuality often overlooked, even though it be strongly marked to those who can detect it.—The Groom and the Engine-driver.—Individuality retained in the next World, and developed there.—Mr. J. Nelson Smith on a dead Lion.—The Spirit of the Beast, comparison with that of Man.—Death and its results in Man and Beast.—Spirit and Matter.—The Dead and the Living.—The Spiritual and Material Eye.—The Story of Balaam.—The Cat and the Apparition.—Parallel of the two Narratives.—Epilogue.

I HAVE already shown, at the beginning of this work, that, contrary to the popular tradition, the Scriptures do not

deny a future life to the lower animals. We will now see if Scripture has anything to say in favour of another world for beast as well as man.

The Scriptures in favour of the immortality of animals.

It is a very remarkable point that even as to the immortality of man, the Scriptures of the Old Testament teach that doctrine rather by inference than by direct assertion.

Teaching by inference.

I presume the reason to be, that the writers of the various books, which were at a comparatively late period selected from among many others and formed into the volume which we popularly call the Bible, assumed as a matter of course that man was immortal, and did not trouble themselves to assert that which they supposed every one to know already.

The immortality of man assumed rather than taught.

As far as the Old Testament goes, inference tells much stronger in favour of the beast's immortality than in that of man; for although in either case there is no definite assertion of a future life, there is at all events no such denial of the immortality

Inference very strong in favour of the beasts.

of the beast as we have seen to be the case with man (*see* Vol. i. p. 7.)

Divine Law includes the beasts as well as man.

We all know that the beasts were included in the merciful provisions of the Sabbath, which was in its essence a spiritual and not merely a physical ordinance. Then we find in the ancient Scriptures many provisions against maltreating the lower animals, or giving them needless pain; and these provisions occupy an equal place in the Divine Law with those which treat of man.

Prohibitions against inflicting needless pain

See, for example, the well-known prohibition of "seething a kid in its mother's milk," this being apparently some cruel heathen custom during harvest-tide. Then the ox which is used in treading out the corn is not to be muzzled, lest it should suffer the pangs of hunger in the presence of the food which it may not eat. Even such a trivial custom as birds-nesting is regulated by Divine Law (*see* Deut. xxii. 6, 7). As, moreover, many animals must be killed daily, some for sacrifice and others only for

—on the feelings

food, the strictest regulations are given that their mode of death shall be sharp and swift, and that the whole of their blood shall be poured out upon the earth, thus preventing them from lingering in pain. —or the body.

I need scarcely refer to the last few sentences of the Book of Jonah— The teaching through Jonah,

"Thou hast had pity on the gourd, for the which thou hast not laboured, neither madest it grow; which came up in a night, and perished in a night:

"And should not I spare Nineveh, that great city, wherein are more than sixscore thousand persons that cannot discern between their right hand and their left hand; *and also much cattle?*" —where cattle as well as men are to be spared.

Again, see Psalm l. 10, 11—

"Every beast of the forest is mine, and the cattle upon a thousand hills. The Psalmist also announces the supervision of God over all his creations,

"I know all the fowls of the mountains: and the wild beasts of the field are mine."

The Scriptures are full of similar passages, in which God announces himself as the protector of beast as well as of man;

among which we may reckon the well-known saying of our Lord respecting the lives of the sparrows.

—and so does Christ himself.

Allusion to this branch of the subject is made by Cowper in his "Task"—

Cowper's "Task."

> "Man may dismiss compassion from his heart,
> But God will never. When he charged the Jew
> To assist his foe's down-fallen beast to rise;
> And when the bush-exploring boy, that seized
> The young, to let the parent bird go free;
> Proved He not plainly that his meaner works
> Are yet his care, and have an interest all,
> All, in the universal Father's love."—
>
> COWPER'S *Task*.

A portion of the early law

There is, however, one passage which certainly does seem to point to a future for the beast, as well as for man, and does at all events place them both on a similar level. It occurs in Genesis ix. 5, and forms part of the concise law which was delivered to Noah, and which was the forerunner of the fuller law afterwards given through Moses: "Surely, your blood of your lives will I require; at the hand of every beast will I require it, and at the hand of every man; at the hand of

—delivered to Noah,

every man's brother will I require the life of man."

—and assigning the same punishment to man and beast for the same crime.

And this injunction was afterwards incorporated into the Mosaic law, where an ox who kills a man is subject to death, just as if it had been a man who had murdered one of his fellows (*see* Exodus xxi. 28).

The *London Review*.

As a writer in the *London Review* well said, some years ago, "There would be no meaning in this retribution if the animal had no living soul to be forfeited, as the human soul had been yielded to death. It would be absurd to destroy a vegetable which had caused the death of a human being, inasmuch as it has no soul. It was not considered absurd to destroy an animal under such circumstances, inasmuch as it has a soul."

General tendency of the Scriptures,

Thus, while there are no passages of Scripture which deny the immortality of the lower animals, there are some which certainly tend towards inferring it; but I do not see how we could expect to gain any information on the subject from the Scrip-

—which were written for man and not for beast.

tures, which were written for human beings, and not for the lower animals; and, as we find so few direct references to the future state of man, we could hardly expect to receive direct instruction upon that of beasts.

The instinctive witness to immortality.

But just as man has always had within himself an intuitive witness to his own immortality, so do I find that all who have watched the ways of the lower animals have possessed an instinctive sense that they too must have a future life. Some, it is true, have been led away by a wrong interpretation of the passages in the Psalms, Job, and Ecclesiastes; but, in conversing with them, I have always found that underlying this idea is a feeling that animals, which surpass many human beings in love, unselfishness, generosity, conscience, and self-sacrifice, must share, together with those virtues, an immortal spirit in which they take their rise.

False interpretation,

—but a true instinct.

My dog "Rory."

For myself, I attribute to the conduct of my dog "Rory" my firm conviction that for such animals a future life must be in

store; and if for him, why not for all? It is true that in him the moral sense of duty was developed to a very high degree, as were his reasoning powers and the faculty of love. I could not believe that an animal which would die of grief, as he died, for the absence of his master, could have his existence limited to this present world, and that such intensity of love should terminate at the same moment that the material heart ceased to beat.

His moral sense,

—and intense love,

But, though in his case these higher qualities were so greatly developed by constant communion with a human spirit, there are hundreds of thousands of dogs with similar capabilities, but without similar advantages. I feel sure that they will have the opportunity of developing their latent faculties in the next world, though their free scope has been denied to them in the short time of their existence in this present world.

—developed by communication with a human spirit in this world,

—as may be the case with others in the next.

I have been rather surprised to find how many standard writers have held these

Opinions of standard writers.

opinions. All students of theology are acquainted with the passage in Bishop Butler's "Analogy," in which he states that the Scriptures give no reasons why the lower animals should not possess immortal souls. I will now take passages by two very celebrated women, the former a representative of devotional religion, and the latter a thorough mistress of the physical sciences, and a deep mathematician.

Bishop Butler.

Two representative women.

The first extract is taken from the "Diary" of Eugenie de Guérin, and is a remarkable instance of the manner in which the contemplative human soul yearns after companionship with the souls of fellow-creatures that have been loved and have passed away.

Eugenie de Guérin as the devotional and contemplative mind.

"1*st August*, 1835.—This evening my turtle-dove has died; I know not from what cause, for it continued to coo up to to-day. Poor little creature, what regret it causes me! I loved it; it was white; and every morning it was the first voice I heard under my window, in winter as well as in summer.

Death of a turtle-dove,

—and regrets for its loss.

Was it mourning or joy? I know not, but its songs gave me pleasure. Now I have a pleasure the less: thus each day we lose some enjoyment.

"I mean to put my dove under a rose-bush on the terrace: it seems to me that it will be well there, and that its soul (if soul there be) will repose there sweetly in that nest beneath the flowers. I have a tolerably strong belief in the souls of animals, and I should even like there to be a little paradise for the good and gentle, like turtle-doves, dogs, and lambs. But what to do with wolves and other wicked minds? To damn them?—that embarrasses me."

Speculations as to the soul of the lost bird,

—and on those of other animals.

She might have reflected that, in its place, the wolf is as useful and innocent as the lamb. It has an object in life, and carries it out until that object be attained, when it perishes, as has been the case in our own country, not only with the wolf, but with the bear and other predacious animals.

The next passage is taken from Mrs.

Mrs. Somerville as the reasoning mind.

Somerville's "Memoirs." I have selected these two because they represent two differently constituted minds, which yet agree just on the very subject where one would have expected the greatest divergence.

The two types of feminine mind.

Intuition

The one is essentially devotional, trusting to intuitive ideas, and not having the least pretence to logic, or even a sequence of reasoning. The other is a mind trained to observation, to mathematical accuracy, to hard reasoning, and to that faculty which is so seldom seen in the female sex—namely, the power of generalization. Speaking of death, and the accompanying change of surrounding objects, Mrs. Somerville, then aged eighty-nine, proceeds as follows:—

—and reasoning.

Mrs. Somerville on death.

Regrets for life,

"I shall regret the sky, the sea, with all the changes of their beautiful colouring; the earth, with its verdure and flowers; but far more shall I grieve to leave animals who have followed our steps affectionately for years, without knowing for certainty their ultimate fate, though I firmly believe that the living principle is never extinguished.

—especially for the animals who have been loved.

Since the atoms of matter are indestructible, as far as we know, it is difficult to believe that the spark which gives to their union life, memory, affection, intelligence, and fidelity, is evanescent. The spiritual world compared with the material.

"Every atom in the human frame, as well as in that of animals, undergoes a periodical change by continual waste and renovation: the abode is changed, not its inhabitant. If animals have no future, the existence of many is most wretched. Multitudes are starved, cruelly beaten, and loaded during life; many die under a barbarous vivisection. Changes in matter, —but not in spirit. Divine justice

"I cannot believe that any creature was created for uncompensated misery: it would be contrary to the attribute of God's mercy and justice. I am sincerely happy to find that I am not the only believer in the immortality of the lower animals." —and compensation.

We will presently revert to the latter part of this interesting letter. I cannot but notice the remarkable fact that two minds so differently constituted should have Two distinct minds arrive at the same conclusion,

arrived at the same result in two different ways. The one does not pretend to any process of reason, but passes at once, *per saltum* as it were, to the firm belief that the lower animals must have a future life. The other works her way to the same point through a consecutive train of reasoning, basing her arguments upon physical facts of which Madame de Guérin was entirely ignorant. We instinctively agree with the one, and we cannot disagree with the other.

—one by intuition

—and the other by logic.

Having now seen the manner in which the contemplative and logical female minds treat this subject, let us turn to the masculine mind. We will take for example Southey, a man of singularly deep and wide reading, possessed of the exceptional gift of rendering poetical the least beautiful of subjects. If ever there were a clumsy and repulsive idealization in the world, it may be found in the many-headed and many-armed deities of Hindoo mythology; and yet, in the hands of Southey, they are invested with a glamour like that which Scott

Views taken by masculine minds.

Southey

—and his poetical powers.

threw over the most prosaic and commonplace of landscapes in his native land.

Writing of the death of a favourite spaniel who had been his companion in boyhood, Southey proceeds as follows:— His dead spaniel.

"Ah, poor companion! when thou followedst last — Lament
Thy master's parting footsteps to the gate
Which closed for ever on him, thou did'st lose
Thy best friend, and none was left to plead
For the old age of brute fidelity.
But fare thee well. Mine is no narrow creed;
And He who gave thee being did not frame
The mystery of Life to be the sport
Of merciless man. There is another world — —and consolation.
For all that live and move—a better one!
Where the proud bipeds, who would fain confine
Infinite goodness to the little bounds
Of their own charity, may envy thee."

The following extract is taken from "Jocelyn's Episode, par A. de Lamartine," and is translated by the author of "Episodes of Insect Life":—

"My dog! the difference between thee and me
Knows only our Creator;—only He
Can number the degrees in being's scale
Between thy instinctive lamp, ne'er known to fail, — Instinct or Reason.
And that less steady light of brighter ray,
The soul which animates thy master's clay;
And He alone can tell by what fond tie,
My look thy life—my death, thy sign to die.

Howe'er this be, the human heart bereaved,
In thy affection owns a boon received;
Nor e'er, fond creature, prostrate on the ground,
Could my foot spurn thee or my accents wound.
No! never, never, my poor humble friend,
Could I by act or word thy love offend!
Too much in thee I reverence that Power
Which formed us both for our appointed hour;
That hand which links, by a fraternal tie,
The meanest of His creatures with the high.
Oh, my poor Fido! when thy speaking face,
Upturned to mine, of words supplies the place;
Lamartine to his dog. When, seated by my bed, the slightest moan
That breaks my troubled sleep, disturbs thine own;
When noting in my heavy eye the care
That clouds my brow, thou seek'st its meaning there,
And then, as if to chase that care away,
My pendant hand dost gently gnaw in play;
When, as in some clear mirror, I descry
My joys and griefs reflected in thine eye:
When tokens such as these thy reason speak
(Reason, which with thy love compared, is weak),
I cannot, will not, deem thee a deceiving,
Illusive mockery of human feeling,
A body organised, by fond caress
Warmed into seeming tenderness,
A mere automaton, on which our love
Plays, as on puppets, when their wires we move.
No! when that feeling quits thy glazing eye,
'Twill live in some blest world beyond the sky.

* * * * * *

No! God will never quench His spark divine,
Whether within some glorious orb it shine,
Or lighten up the spaniel's tender gaze,
Who leads his poor blind master through the maze
Of this dark world; and, when that task is o'er,
Sleeps on his humble grave, to wake no more."

We will now revert for a time to the subject mentioned at the end of the extract from Mrs. Somerville's memoirs. Every one must at some time or another have been struck with the problem of apparent inequality in the lives both of man and beast. We see some human beings endowed with everything that man can desire—health, strength, wealth, accomplishments and capacity of enjoyment; while others are destitute of all these accessories to happiness.

Apparent inequality

—and injustice.

Putting aside the fact that some, whose lots seem to be most enviable, are the least to be envied, we acknowledge that this inequality does exist, and that the earthly lot of some is very hard, while that of others is very easy. But we are taught in the New Testament the great doctrine of Compensation, which is, in fact, nothing more than justice.

The diversity mostly superficial.

Compensation in the next world

As St. Paul remarks, who spoke from personal experience, the sufferings of this present world are not to be compared with the glories of the world to come; and that,

—taught by St. Paul,

—and that suffering is the precursor of glory.

in fact, suffering is the precursor of glory. That some such principle of Divine justice must exist, was instinctively known long before it was thus explicitly declared. We find references to such compensation throughout the Psalms, in passages too numerous and too familiar to need quotation; and even Job himself, sunk in the very depth of afflictions, could say, "Though He slay me, yet will I trust in Him. . . . . He also shall be my salvation" (Job xiii. 15-16).

The Psalms

—and the book of Job.

As far, therefore, as man is concerned, the problem of apparent inequality is not so difficult of solution. Expectant of a future life, we look forward to it in our worst earthly sorrows, and feel that when we have passed into that new life we shall receive our reward. Thus, in spite of all apparent inequalities of the human lot in this world, we feel that Divine justice will be more than vindicated in the world to come, and that when we enter that world we shall understand and acquiesce in the

Consolation in human sorrows.

Expectancy of future compensation

justice that gave a hard lot upon earth to us, and an easy one to others. —for earthly sorrows.

But, supposing the lower animals to have no future life, what becomes of Divine justice? Even in our own country and in our own day, the cruelties that are perpetrated upon animals are a disgrace to the nation. Bad as they are, however, they are as nothing to the horrors which are seen with absolute unconcern in other countries. But, even in our own land, let us take as an example one of the most ill treated of animals—the donkey. How about the animals —and their sufferings

We will suppose the very likely case of two donkeys of the same age and similar capacities being sold to different masters, both costermongers. One of them treats the animal with kindness, and the other with cruelty. The one urges it to its work by kind words, the other by blows and other forms of bodily torture. The one feeds the animal as liberally as his means will afford, while the other leaves the beast, by whose labour he lives, to forage for himself, and Take the case of two donkeys, —one treated kindly —and the other with cruelty.

spends in drink the money which ought to have been expended in fodder.

One living long and happily,

One of these animals lives a long and a happy life, doing his work with eager willingness, loving his master, and being loved by him. The other is soon worn out by hardships, trembles at the very sound of his master's voice, and succumbs at last to pain and starvation. I have purposely placed the more favoured animal in a labouring sphere of life, because I am sure that it was formed for labour, and that a properly directed life of work is far happier than the state of a petted, pampered, and idle animal.

—while the other dies of suffering.

If they have no future life there can be no Divine justice.

Now, supposing that animals have no immortal souls and no future life, it is simply impossible to recognise that the Maker of these two animals can be just. The two contrasted lives indicate an injustice too flagrant for any human being to perpetrate unless wholly deficient in ideas of right and wrong. But supposing them to possess immortal souls, and a future life

If they do have a future life,

in which those souls shall be developed to the fullest amount of their capacities, then we can at once reconcile those apparent discrepancies with absolute justice and perfect love. Dealing with the lower animals as with ourselves, the Creator looks to the spiritual world, which is eternal, and not to the material world, which is temporal, and by means of the one instructs and prepares his pupils for the other.

the conditions can be equalised.

The material world a preparation for the spiritual.

Take the most prominent instance of apparent inequality and injustice, namely, poverty and wealth. We are gifted with wealth, or it is withheld from us, according to our individual capacities. That which is good for one, as a preparation for the future life, is bad for another, and it is given or withheld accordingly. For example, we all know that when our Lord met the wealthy young man who was proud of his riches, and yet desired to be a disciple, the condition of admission was, that he should divest himself of all his wealth, and divide it among the poor.

Poverty and wealth

—intended as preparations for the future.

The wealthy young man and Christ,

Many persons have inferred from this order that no one ought to possess wealth. But a little reflection will show that the order in question was not universal, but addressed to a single individual, and to no other. There were many rich men with whom Christ habitually associated, notably Joseph of Arimathea, and yet He never advised them to reduce themselves to poverty.

—and the advice which was given to him.

He knew best what was good for each, and *a fortiori* must He know what is good for animals which exist on a lower and more contracted plane than man. I firmly believe, with St. Paul, that the object of suffering in this present world is that it forms a preparation and introduction to the life to come; and I am perfectly convinced that any creature which is capable of suffering has in that very capacity its passport to the eternal life for which its sufferings are but a preparation.

God does the best for beasts as well as man,

—giving to each their own capacity of present suffering and future consolation.

This brings us to another stage in our

argument, namely, the possession of Individuality as connected with Immortality. Individuality and Immortality.

As for ourselves, did we not possess individuality, we should need no diverseness of management, for all would be treated alike. But we see that in man no two faces are exactly alike, simply because no two souls, of which the countenance is an indication, are alike; and the same will hold good among the lower animals. No two beings alike,

Looking, for example, at a flock of sheep, there is no apparent difference between them, and a portrait of any one would equally resemble any other. But the shepherd, if he knows his business, will be able to distinguish every sheep separately, and can describe the mental peculiarities of each individual. —not even sheep,

Again: one yellow canary looks, to ordinary eyes, just like another yellow canary, while in reality the mental character of each bird is impressed upon its countenance as strongly as are human —nor canaries,

qualities upon the visage of man. I once had some thirty canaries in a single aviary, and not only knew them all by sight, but could anticipate how each bird would act under certain circumstances.

—each possessing its own individuality.

It is this quality, both in man and beast, that implies a separate treatment for each individual, and becomes a plea for immortality. That I am not alone in this idea is shown by the following letter from a correspondent.

Individuality in dogs.

"The difference in character between individuals of the same species is as striking as the differences among men.

A dog of plebeian tastes.

"My present dog, though very handsome, is a thorough vulgarian in mind. He prefers bad company, lives by choice in the kitchen, is rude and unmannerly, never barks at a beggar, and delights in a general row or a fight over a bone.

A dog of aristocratic tastes.

"My former dog, 'Nettle,' was a perfect aristocrat. Nothing would induce him to consort with vulgar people, to enter a kitchen, or descend the area stairs. He

perfectly understood the importance attached to a large house and handsome furniture. When we were travelling in the Highlands, and had to put up in any lodgings which we could get, Nettle was perfectly miserable. I remember him at Ballater persistently rushing past our shabby house into one next door, which was handsomely furnished. The lady in occupation disliked dogs; so, after capturing Nettle once or twice, when he had made a raid upon our neighbour's premises, we had to watch him when we neared the house, and bring him by force into our mean quarters. At last we secured handsome lodgings; whereupon Nettle's dignity was soothed, and he never mistook his own abode any more.

"Nettle" objects to poor lodgings,

—and asserts possession of better apartments,

—until he is appeased by a habitation suitable to his dignity.

"These things seem to be trifles, but it is the observation of such apparent trifles in every creature which I have been able to watch carefully that convinces me more of their separate, individual, spiritual life than even the evidences

Individuality and intellect.

of great intellect that are occasionally given. Were the beasts but mere animated machines, these distinctive characteristics need not exist."

A cat of aristocratic tendencies.

I may here mention that my own cat "Pret" was equally aristocratic in his notions. Nothing would induce him—not even milk when he was hungry—to put his head into the kitchen, or to enter the house by the servants' door.

We habitually ignore the individuality of the lower animals,

To me, the manner in which we ignore individuality in the lower animals is simply astounding. See, for example, how the generality of grooms treat all horses as if they were just so many machines turned out

—treating them like machines,

of the same mould, and to be treated just like machines. The "Go ahead," "Stop her," "Back her," of the engineer are represented by the whip or spur of the groom, the jerk or savage pull at the bridle; and the groom has no more idea that he is inflicting pain upon the senses of an immortal fellow-creature than has the engineer of hurting the iron and brass of his engine.

Indeed, I fear that, as a rule, the average driver is more merciful to his engine than the average groom to his horse, the former sparing it at the descents, and helping it up the ascents by the accumulated force obtained by the rush down the preceding decline.

—or even worse than machines are treated by good drivers.

We have thus in every species a double kind of individuality: first there is one that is common to the entire species, and next there is one that, in addition to this common characteristic, distinguishes each separate being from its fellows. It is the former of these which makes a species to be what it is, and I am firmly convinced that neither is lost in the future life—that both may be capable of development. Thus, I hold that the dog, the horse, the lion, and the elephant will be in the next world what they are in this. They will be better animals in that world, just as we hope to be better men; but they will not approach us any nearer than they do at present.

The duplex individuality

—each needed in the future life,

—each retained,

—and each capable of development.

I will here quote an eloquent passage from

The "Science of Sensibility."

a very remarkable book, which is nearly unknown, namely, "The Science of Sensibility," by Mr. J. Nelson Smith:—

The lion seeking for prey.

"Behold the lion, when he comes forth from his den to seize the prey which his own wants and those of his whelps demand, with flowing mane, steadfast purpose, and paralyzing gleam of eye. . . . . If the

The terrors of his voice,

voice of lightning is fuller in its volume as it peals over the plains, the vibrating death-knell of the lion is more appalling to both man and beast. If the burning ball of electricity is irresistible, the fatal

—his grasp,

grasp of the lion is no less fatal to animals; if its flash is more vivid, the angry

—and his eye.

glare of his eye is more terrible to encounter. The terror of all beasts, and undisputed monarch of the forest, he roams from jungle to jungle and knows no fear.

He meets the hunter,

"But the skill of the hunter sends a bullet through the organs of thought,

—receives a bullet in the brain,

judgment, and will, in that self-reliant head: one terrific bound, one desperate sweep of those huge paws in a vain effort

to tear the earth from its centre, and down goes the carcase of that fearful monarch of the forest, stark, by the huge rock on which he has so often gambolled.

"A few spasmodic surges, convulsive tremors, and he stretches himself on the ground, an immovable mass of terrestrial matter. Those gleaming orbs are glazed and sightless, and those terrible limbs are stiffened with the chill of death. Still, even that lifeless frame is an admirable statue of animal force and unquestioned courage, and his slayer approaches even his lifeless corpse with fear, and springs back at the slightest tremor of his departing life.

—and falls dead,

—a warm but lifeless statue of flesh,

—terrible even in death.

"What made his voice more terrible than thunder, his spring more fatal than its bolt, and where is it gone?

Something has gone from him.

"Since the departure of the soul, the intelligent motive power which was driven out of that muscular structure by the derangement of the machinery of the mind on which it operated and performed those

What and where is it,

—after it has forsaken the earthly frame?

appalling strains in the great drama of life, that terrible structure of animal life is as harmless as a marble statue, and is soon decomposed by the chemical elements which surround it.

"For an hour after its departure the carcase remains warm and pliable. Every limb is perfect, not a muscle of the body is injured; only the organ of will is unstrung, and the spiritual operator departed. And such an operator! Is his knowledge obliterated? Has a leaden missile annihilated a decree of the Almighty, and decomposed a celestial volition?—or has it only released an immortal soul from the prison-house of a terrestrial body, and given it a passport to the sublime joy of its eternal existence?"

Can a material projectile affect life?

The spirit of the beast and the spirit of man,

In the last sentence the writer has touched upon the central idea of this book, namely, the possession by animals of an immortal soul. The reader may remark that in Vol. I., page 29, I have cited the important passage of Ecclesiastes,

in which a spirit is assigned to the beasts as well as to man. Now, the very fact that man can transmit his ideas to the lower animals is a proof that they must possess a spirit which is able to communicate with the spirit of man. When, for example, a man gives an order to his dog, and is obeyed, he affords a proof that both possess spirits, similar in quality, though differing in degree. To give an order to a plant would be useless and absurd, because the plant has no spirit which can respond to the spirit of the man. But the spirit of the dog can and does respond to the spirit of the man,— and the two will equally live, each on its proper plane, after the earthly body has been resolved into its elements.

—as mentioned in Ecclesiastes.

Obedience to man infers the possession of a spirit.

No order is obeyed by a plant, because it has no spirit,

—and cannot respond to the spirit of man.

One of our own poets has rightly said—

"Man never dies; the body dies from off him;"

and this is equally true of man and beast. The change which we call death is but a more rapid disengagement of the spirit

Neither man nor beast die.

The body is always parting from the spirit,

from the body than that which is perpetually taking place. The body is unceasingly separating itself from the spirit, and whether in the waking or sleeping hours the earthly particles which the spirit has accreted around itself are constantly being thrown off. In fact, the death of the body is ever with us, and is a necessary concomitant of the temporary connection between the immortal spirit and the material world.

—and we "die daily."

We now advance one more step.

Spirit and matter.

We all know that spirit cannot act directly upon matter, and *vice versâ*. The earthly eye, for example, cannot see spiritual objects. But the spiritual eye, which gives force and potency to the optic nerves of the material eye, can do so if the outer veil of flesh be for a while removed. Take, for example, a few instances of such extended vision as given in the Scriptures. First, there is the case of Elisha's servant, whose spiritual

The senses due to the spirit and not to the flesh.

Extended vision,

eyes were opened, *i.e.*, enabled to pierce through the veil of the flesh, and who was enabled to see the hosts of spiritual beings by whom the place was surrounded. Similarly, when the shepherds saw the angels who announced the birth of Christ, and when the three apostles saw Moses and Elijah, they saw these spiritual beings with the eye of the spirit, and not with that of the flesh.

as mentioned in the Old —and New Testaments.

There are, as we know, many persons who cannot believe that, as they put it, the living should be able to see the dead. Neither do I believe it. But as the spirit lives, though the material body no longer enclose it, surely there can be no difficulty in believing that the living spirit within an earthly body may see a living spirit which has escaped from its material garment. We do not doubt that after the death of the body the spirit will live and see other spirits similarly freed from earth, and it is no very great matter that the living should see the living, though one

The living and the dead.

The spirit can see spirit, —whether or not it be veiled in flesh.

be still enshrined in its earthly tabernacle, and the other released from it.

This being granted—and it is not very much to grant—it necessarily follows that if the lower animals possess spirit, they may be capable of spiritual as well as material vision. That they do possess this power, and that it can be exercised, is shown by the story of Balaam. There we find it definitely stated, not only that the ass saw the angel, but that she saw him long before her master did. Now, the angel, being a spiritual being, could only be seen with the spiritual eye; and it therefore follows that, unless the story be completely false, the animal possessed a spirit, and saw with the eye of that spirit.

If animals possess spirit, they can see spiritually.

The story of Balaam,

—and the inference to be drawn from it,

I should think that none who believe in the truth of the Holy Scriptures (and I again remind the reader that this book is only intended for those who do so), could doubt that here is a case which proves that the spirit of the ass was capable

of seeing and fearing the spiritual angel. And if that be granted, I do not see how any one can doubt that the spirit which saw the angel partook of his immortality, just as her outward eye, which saw material objects, partook of their mortality. Shortly afterwards, the eyes of the prophet were opened, and he also saw the angel; but it must be remembered that the eyes of the beast had been opened first, and that she, her master, and the angel met for the time in the same spiritual plane.

—the vision being equally spiritual

—in the angel, the beast,

—and the man.

I have for a long time had in my possession a letter from a lady, in which she narrates a personal adventure which has a singularly close resemblance to the Scriptural story of Balaam. It had been told me immediately after I threw out my "feeler" in the "Common Objects of the Country." As I had at that time the intention of vindicating the immortality of the lower animals, I requested the narrator to write it, so that I might possess the statement authenticated in her own handwriting.

A modern parallel to the ancient history

—sent to me by the narrator, and authenticated.

At the time of the occurrence, the lady and her mother were living in an old country château in France.

"It was during the winter of 18— that one evening I happened to be sitting by the side of a cheerful fire in my bedroom, busily engaged in caressing a favourite cat—the illustrious Lady Catharine, now, alas! no more. She lay in a pensive attitude and a winking state of drowsiness in my lap.

A favourite cat

—rests upon the lap of her mistress,

"Although my room might be without candles, it was perfectly illuminated by the light of the fire. There were two doors—one behind me, leading into an apartment which had been locked for the winter, and another on the opposite side of the room, which communicated with the passage.

—in a room illumined by a cheerful fire.

"Mamma had not left me many minutes, and the high-backed, old-fashioned arm-chair, which she had occupied, remained vacant at the opposite corner of the fire-place. Puss, who lay with her head on my arm, became more and more sleepy, and I pondered on the propriety of preparing for bed.

The vacant chair near the fire-place.

"Of a sudden I became aware that something had affected my pet's equanimity. The purring ceased, and she exhibited rapidly increasing symptoms of uneasiness. I bent down, and endeavoured to coax her into quietness; but she instantly struggled to her feet in my lap, and spitting vehemently, with back arched and tail swollen, she assumed a mingled attitude of terror and defiance.

The cat becomes uneasy,

—and then terrified at something which she sees.

"The change in her position obliged me to raise my head; and on looking up, to my inexpressible horror, I then perceived that a little, hideous, wrinkled old hag occupied mamma's chair. Her hands were rested on her knees, and her body was stooped forward so as to bring her face in close proximity with mine. Her eyes, piercingly fierce and shining with an overpowering lustre, were stedfastly fixed on me. It was as if a fiend were glaring at me through them. Her dress and general appearance denoted her to belong to the French *bourgeoisie;* but those eyes, so wonderfully

The vacant chair is seen to be occupied —by an old woman,

—apparently French in aspect.

large, and in their expression so intensely wicked, entirely absorbed my senses, and precluded any attention to detail. I should have screamed, but my breath was gone whilst that terrible gaze so horribly fascinated me: I could neither withdraw my eyes nor rise from my seat.

The narrator is paralyzed with fear,

"I had meanwhile been trying to keep a tight hold on the cat, but she seemed resolutely determined not to remain in such ugly neighbourhood, and after some most desperate efforts at length succeeded in escaping from my grasp. Leaping over tables, chairs, and all that came in her way, she repeatedly threw herself, with frightful violence, against the top panel of the door which communicated with the disused room. Then, returning in the same frantic manner, she furiously dashed against the door on the opposite side.

—while the cat is roused to frantic energy,

—and endeavours to escape,

"My terror was divided, and I looked by turns, now at the old woman, whose great staring eyes were constantly fixed on me, and now at the cat, who was becoming

every instant more frantic. At last the dreadful idea that the animal had gone mad had the effect of restoring my breath, and I screamed loudly. —having apparently gone mad.

"Mamma ran in immediately, and the cat, on the door opening, literally sprang over her head, and for upwards of half an hour ran up and down stairs as if pursued. I turned to point to the object of my terror: it was gone. Under such circumstances the lapse of time is difficult to appreciate, but I should think that the apparition lasted about four or five minutes. The terrible woman disappears.

"Some time afterwards it transpired that a former proprietor of the house, a woman, had hanged herself in that very room." Suicide.

The close but evidently unsuspected resemblance of this narrative to the story of Balaam is worthy of notice. In both cases we have the remarkable fact that the animal was the first to see the spiritual being, and to show by its terrified actions that it had done so. Unconscious resemblance to the Scriptural narrative.

Epilogue.

THERE are but a few words to be said by way of epilogue.

Objections to the immortality of the lower animals.

Some of the objections that have been made to the future life of the lower animals have already been mentioned, but there are two others which I must briefly notice. One is that, if all created beings are to live eternally in heaven, there would not be room for them. I feel almost ashamed even to mention such an absurd notion, but as it has been put forward by several persons I feel bound to notice it.

Want of space,

—which does not exist in the spiritual world.

The answer is self-evident. In the first place, in the spiritual world space and time do not exist; and even if they did, surely God can create space, if He has need of it.

Debasing humanity to the level of beasts.

The second objection is, that by granting immortality to the animals we lower the condition of humanity; but if the animals be immortal there is surely no use in denying it. We cannot shirk a fact, and even if we could we ought not to do so. Such an argument, moreover, is not very creditable to humanity, for it seeks to elevate

man by depreciating his fellow-creatures of a lower order.

In announcing my belief that the lower animals share immortality with man in the next world, as they share mortality in this, I do not claim for them the slightest equality. Man will be man, and beast will be beast, and insect will be insect, in the next world as in this. They are living exponents of Divine ideas, as is evident from the Holy Scriptures, and will be wanted to continue in the world of spirit the work which they have begun in the world of matter.

There will be no equality between man and beast,

—both being wanted in the spiritual world.

But, though I do not claim for them the slightest equality with man, I do claim for them a higher status in creation than is generally attributed to them; I do claim for them a future life in which they can be compensated for the sufferings which so many of them have to undergo in this world; and I do so chiefly because I am quite sure that most of the cruelties which are perpetrated on the animals are due

Summary.

to the habit of considering them as mere machines, without susceptibilities, without reason, and without the capacity of a future.

THE END.

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